

# THE SKETCH.

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SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



MISS ESTHER PALLISER.

*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*



## HOW TO BECOME A PRIMA DONNA.

## A CHAT WITH MISS ESTHER PALLISER.

Miss Esther Palliser may be said to be the bright particular star of our latter-day musical firmament. Like most of the planets in the same sphere, she hails from the land of the Stars and Stripes, and not a little of her supremacy is owing to her personal beauty and dramatic faculty, for, although "the voice is the thing," a leading public singer must possess two or three other qualifications ere she can hope to attain a first place in her profession.

"I was born," said Miss Palliser, speaking with scarcely a trace of American accent, in answer to a question put to her by a representative of *The Sketch*, "in Germantown, the principal suburb of Philadelphia, and I cannot remember a time when I did not sing or play. There is a tradition among my people that when I was two years old I could sing a double octave, C to C, and I was fortunate in having a very music-loving father and mother; indeed, my mother was, and is, a well-known choir and concert singer, and for ten years was the soprano soloist in Dr. Talmage's chapel."

"Is it true, Miss Palliser, that you have benefited by some peculiar method of singing taught by your father?"

"Yes, indeed. Father justly claims to be far more than an ordinary teacher of singing; he call himself a scientific voice-builder, and his method differs from other voice-trainers in many particulars. For instance, he asserts that there are six registers in the human voice, instead of the two or three with which it is generally credited. He began teaching me as he had taught my mother and many others when I was only five years old, and from the age of twelve to the present has given assiduous attention to the building up and equalising of my voice. In fact," added Miss Palliser, softly, "I cannot tell you all I owe to my father; he has worked with me incessantly, and has been my constant companion and most exacting critic."

"And does your father claim that there are six registers in every voice?"

"Well, no; he asserts that in every female larynx the agents exist for the production of these six registers, but he considers that with his system he can build up a voice practically out of nothing, and immensely improve what already exists. You must not run off with the idea, however, that his method does away with practising or the drudgery of training; his pupils have to go through all that sort of thing, and I never work harder than when studying under him."

"But you completed your final studies in Europe before making your début?"

"Well, I came to Paris and worked under Madame La Grange and Madame Viardot and others, studying dramatic art with M. Pluque, of the Grand Opéra; but I consider I owe far the most to Madame Marchesi, with whom I spent eighteen months practising French and Italian opera, &c."

"Since you have made your début you must have sung many diverse rôles?"

"Yes, indeed," Miss Palliser answered enthusiastically; "I made my début in 'Faust,' at Rouen; then Mr. D'Oyly Carte offered me an engagement, and for six months I took the leading parts in Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. Finally, and under the same management, I entered the cast at the Royal English Opera House as Rowena in 'Ivanhoe,' a part, which, I must confess, I did not particularly care for. To my great delight, however, I eventually had the opportunity of playing Rebecca, a great part, which I thoroughly enjoyed singing and acting. Then, of course, Marie in 'La Basoche,' at the same house, was a captivating part."

"I believe that you are one of those singers who are as much an actress as singer—at least, in feeling?"

"Yes; I have always said that should my voice give way I would go straight on to the boards. I cannot understand an operatic singer who does not take the keenest interest in her acting as well; but, then, I prefer dramatic parts to any others."

"What are your favourite rôles?"

"Marguerite, Santuzza in 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' Aïda, Juliette, and some of the great female parts in Wagner's operas."

"I suppose you can speak and sing equally well in both Italian and English?"

"I can sing," she answered, smiling, "in four languages—French, Italian, German, and English—and, indeed, during the present opera season at Covent Garden I shall be obliged to do so in order to adequately fulfil my parts."

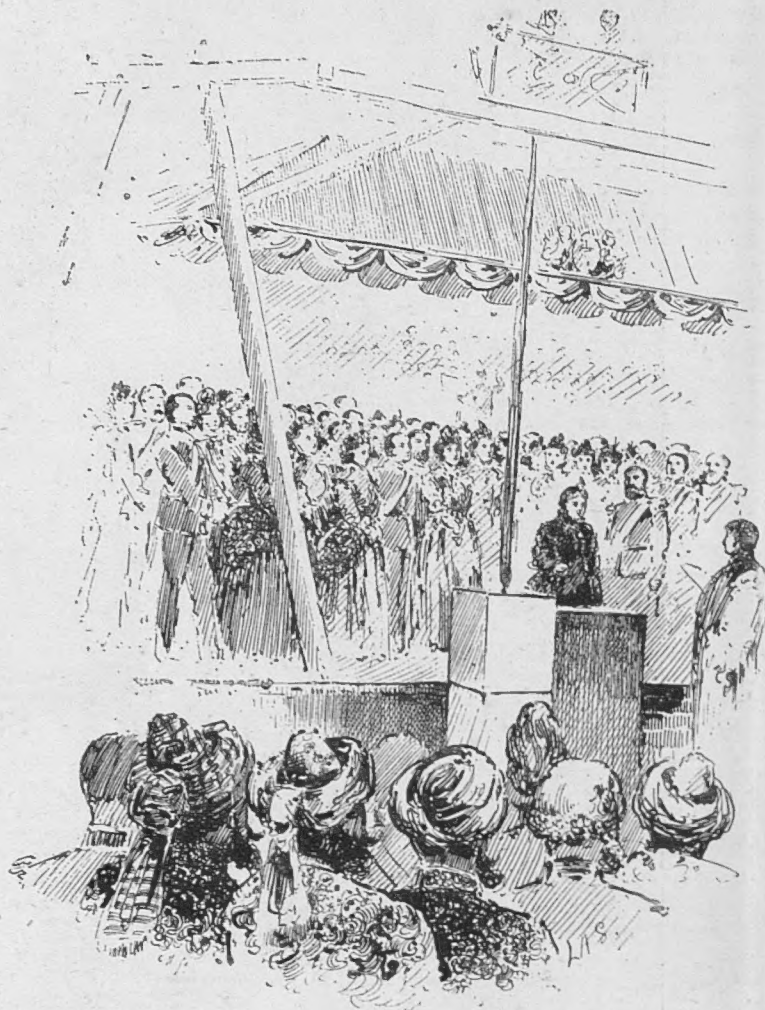
"I think it was under the direction of Sir Augustus Harris that you sang at Windsor last autumn?"

"Yes; I sang Michaela in 'Carmen.' It was a most delightful performance from every point of view, and Sir Augustus took immense pains to make everything go off well. For instance," Miss Palliser added, laughing, "I do not know if you are aware that from time immemorial dresses of the same style have been worn by special characters in the operatic repertoire of the world. Thus Michaela is always dressed in two shades of blue, and always has yellow hair, and you cannot think how tired one gets of the costume. Well, Sir Augustus thought we should make a new departure in honour of her Majesty; accordingly, Mrs. Horace Sedger designed a lovely brown and green gown for me—in fact, a regular Spanish costume, and, instead of the hideous yellow wig which is traditional, I was allowed to wear my own hair."

## OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The expected has come at last in the announcement of the Duke of York's engagement to Princess May, to which the Queen has "gladly given her consent." Everybody has long been of opinion that, as the Prince of Wales told his Middle Temple friends, the future Duchess of York is "a very charming young lady."

To-day will be a memorable date in the history of the Empire by the opening of the Imperial Institute described in detail elsewhere. The



THE QUEEN LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE, JULY, 1887.

ceremony of laying the foundation-stone by her Majesty is still fresh in one's memory.

Lord Roberts got quite a conquering-hero reception at Dover on Saturday on his arrival from India, though he told the Mayor and Corporation, who turned out to greet him, that the seven years and a half he has just finished in India have been years of peace. He is optimistic on the future of India. A similar reception awaited him at Victoria.

The Hull dispute remains unsettled, and to many people may justify the heading in a clever Tory journal, "Hull or Hell."

The new Royal Academicians are Mr. J. MacWhirter, Mr. H. Woods, and Mr. H. Moore. Mr. J. W. North has been elected an Associate.

The anti-Home Rule demonstration in the Guildhall on Wednesday was picturesque, if, to some minds, not patriotic. The Lord Mayor was admirably impartial in presiding. He practically put an embargo on the use of language that was not Constitutional and on the wild talk of physical force.

The preservation of our sea-fisheries is engaging the attention of a Select Committee of the House of Commons. The catching power has enormously increased within recent years through trawling, against which line-fishermen complain so bitterly. An international fishery police has been recommended to the committee.

Winchester College is to celebrate its five-hundredth anniversary by the restoration of the founder's chantry in the cathedral, and the erection of a group of memorial buildings for the encouragement of art, natural history, and other services. Aberdeen is preparing for the celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of its University in 1895-6.

Notwithstanding the poor show this country has made in electricity at the Chicago Exhibition, we are not, if Professor Silvanus Thompson is to be believed, behind America in electrical science. Whereas the idea of the English engineer was for everything solid and simple, the American used complex apparatus.



## "HOMBURG," AT TOOLE'S THEATRE.

A. Mr. Toole I'm glad to  
see you to-day!



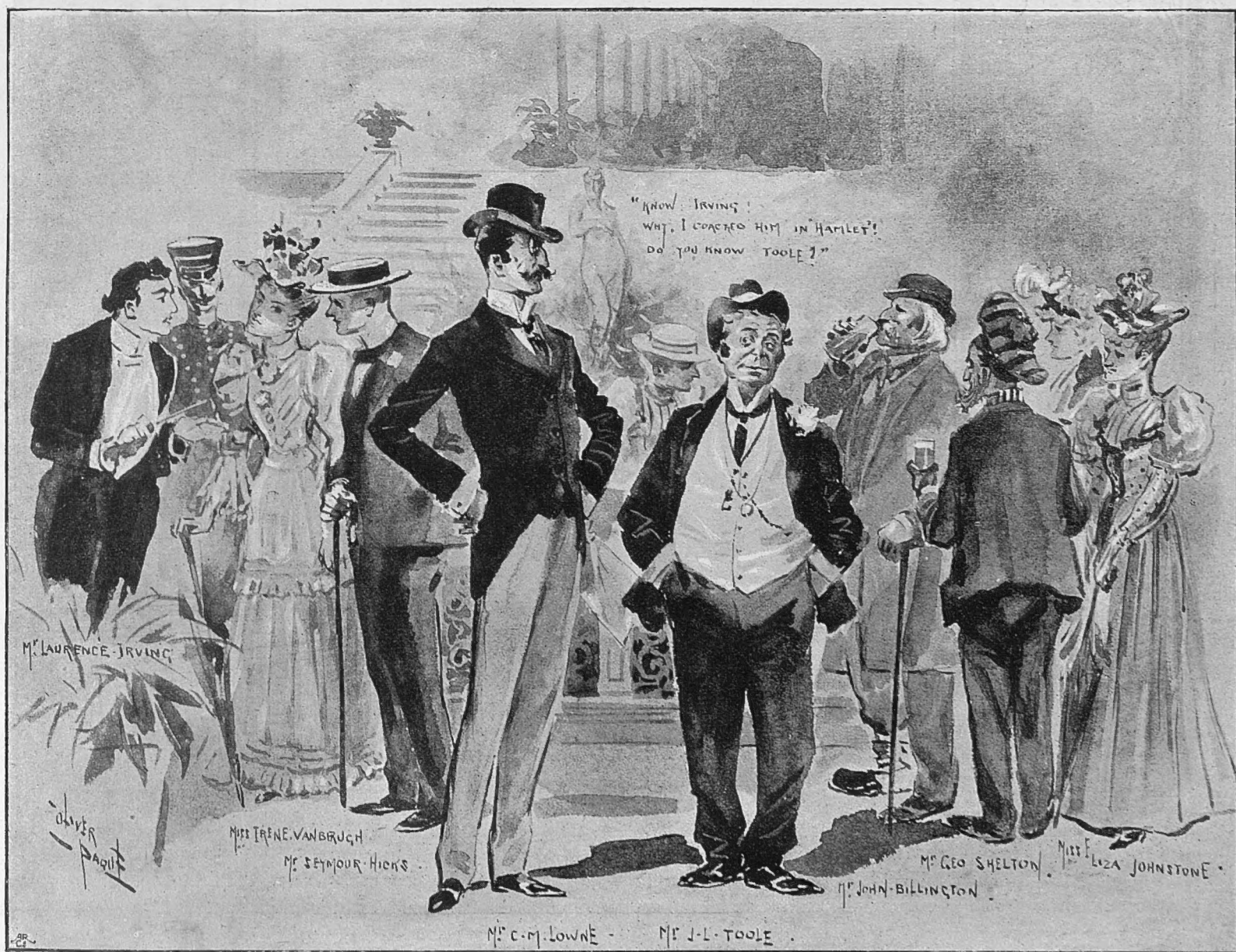
Mr. GEO. SHELTON - & - Mr. J. L. TOOLE

The young dramatist is always advised to begin by writing one-act plays, but he receives little encouragement from the theatres, for the managements make great efforts to avoid producing new comediettas. The position grows worse and worse. Instead of the orthodox *lever de rideau*, entertainments of a non-theatrical form are now being put on for the boredom of pit and gallery, such as the conjuring business at the Shaftesbury. The latest blow to the young dramatist is "Homburg," at Toole's Theatre.

For months there have been paragraphs about "Homburg." There has been almost as much "advance" talk as would be in the case of a prize-fight. "'Homburg' will soon be presented." "'Homburg' has been postponed." "London will at last see 'Homburg,' as the date is definitely fixed"—so the paragraphs have been saying. And what is it? "Homburg!" said a person in the theatre, with a very mild sense of humour; "I call it Humberg."

A few little scenes, utterly disconnected, some imitations of actors out of ken of this generation, and a gagging match between Mr. Toole and Mr. Shelton, the whole served up with dialogue that does not contain a single clever line. No one, we trust, grudges Mr. J. L. Toole his popularity; he is a public benefactor of the first order, since he has probably caused more healthy laughter than any man alive; but one is disposed to quarrel with him when, after giving us the delightful humours of "Walker, London," he indulges in "Homburg," which has hardly a "laugh" in it, at the end of which I even heard a little hissing. Fancy hisses at Toole's Theatre! No one had much chance of success in the way of acting, but a word of praise is due to Miss Alice Kingsley and Mr. E. A. Coventry. Apparently, "Walker, London" has lost none of its power of attraction to the bandbox theatre in King William Street.

E. F. S.







H.R.H THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.





PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUNN AND STUART, RICHMOND.



## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

I believe that it is bad manners to say to an amateur after he has finished a song, "Ah, you should have heard Sims Reeves sing that!" but I am not sure that the same rule applies to professionals. At any rate, one can say to Miss May Yohé, "Ah, you should have seen Judie in 'Mam'zelle Nitouche!'" For when a work has been written deliberately to fit one actress any successor in the part clearly challenges comparisons. The applause heard on Saturday night in the Trafalgar Square Theatre has probably convinced Miss Yohé that she has come successfully out of the ordeal, and therefore she should be patient with a critic who still says, "Ah, you should have seen Judie in the part!"

To tell the truth—from my point of view—few young actresses have sufficient variety for the part, or skill enough to hold the house in it by mere energy, monotonous energy. It is easy to draw a broad distinction between Denise posing as a model of convent virtues to the Lady Superior and Denise as a mad romp of a girl; but to carry out two acts of romping requires far more skill than is to be found in a young actress of ordinary capacity. The play—it certainly amused the audience, so what can the critic say, if so unlucky as to find himself out in the cold? It is no use pretending that the work is dull, if one admits that the audience laughed heartily, for people would simply reply that the critic has no sense of humour. Perhaps the best way out of the *impasse* is to say that our public is curiously capricious, but the critic is an exception to the rule; that sometimes an audience will sit glum at really fine strokes of humour, and sometimes be delighted by elementary clowning, while the critic is stable in his appreciations.

The truth probably is that audiences vary so greatly that what would amuse one house would bore another, and on Saturday it was an audience of the cheaply amused kind. An argument in favour of this may be found in the fact that "Diplunacy," though poorly played, was more amusing to one than to many of those who laughed energetically at "Mam'zelle Nitouche." Mr. Burnand's lines are so neatly written, and his skill has enabled him to give such a complete parody of "Diplomacy," that it was entertaining, though the performers did little to aid the author. Some praise, however, must be given to Mr. J. Willes for a clever imitation of Mr. Arthur Cecil, to Mr. Frank Wyatt as Mr. Bancroft, and to Miss Irene Rickards, who was pleasing as the wicked Countess.

"Forbidden Fruit" raises a question as to the wisdom of reviving old plays of intrigue, for the playgoer, familiar with their successors, is apt to fling a charge of plagiarism at the parent, or, if not unjust enough for that, at least forgets that "Forbidden Fruit" once was fresh, and grows weary of incidents repeated *ad nauseam* since 1880, when it was produced at the Adelphi. Fancy such a play nowadays at the Gattis' other theatre!

To show the justice of my remarks, I propose to give a short account of the plot of "Forbidden Fruit" and ask the reader if he will not repeat a line of the old comic song, "I fancy I've heard it before"?

Middle. Zulu, a lady who, like Zazel, earns her living by being fired out of a cannon, "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth" (as Farini-Shakspeare said), is anxious for any form of notoriety, and goes to Mr. Cato Dove's chambers at the Temple with the view of getting mixed up in the Brighton *cause célèbre*. She gets on very well with him, and in a few minutes calls him "Alfred"—a far cry from Cato, but Alfred was the name of her first beloved, and she is faithful to his name, if to nothing else. While she is there the fashionable Q.C., Sergeant Buster, comes in. To cut a long tale short, Buster and Cato agree to go to that dreary dead place, Cremorne, on the spree, but are interrupted in their talk by Mrs. Buster and Mrs. Dove, who call to get a cup of tea. Then the lies begin that are to secure "a night off" to the husbands; they pretend they must go to Nottingham on business, and the ladies insist on seeing them to the station, and Mrs. Dove begs for a telegram from Nottingham to tell her that her beloved Cato is safe and well.

The second act takes place at the railway station, and consists rather of doors than plot; everyone knows that kind of rabbit-warren scene. However, the husbands get to Cremorne, and soon after the wives arrive in due course, and, later on, nearly all the other characters. A waiter with an eye damaged by a champagne cork acts as *deus ex machina*, and after some listening at doors, peeping through keyholes, long soliloquies, and other ancient and modern "strings," everything is explained to the satisfaction of everyone, except, perhaps, the critic.

In the acting Miss Lottie Venne was easily first, and her brilliant work kept "the pot a-boiling" so long as she was on the stage. Of the others there seems little need to say much, but I must give a word of praise to Miss Daisy England, who acted cleverly as the barmaid, and Mr. Charles Groves, whose acting as Mr. Cato Dove was full of humour.

E. F. S.

## NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor begs to inform correspondents that so many stories and articles have already reached him that his stock is sufficient to last for many months. Any other MSS. are, therefore, unnecessary.

## "HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE."

The town house of Mr. William Waldorf Astor reveals but very faint suggestions as yet of the "lordly pleasure-house" which a colossal income leads one to look for. No. 18, Carlton House Terrace is, to use an expressive vulgarism, "all very fine and large," but its interior decorations are at the present moment somewhat the worse for wear, though for three days last week the Amateur Art Exhibition went a good way towards concealing the fact. Aquarelles from royal and patrician fingers filled the great drawing-room, toned down the red of its brocaded walls, and distracted one's attention from the once white stuccoed dado and pilasters. Pencil sketches of large-eyed children testified alike to Lady Granby's artistic talent and maternal pride, while childhood in peasant life found an able exponent in Louisa, Lady Waterford, two of whose sketches graced an adjacent screen. Pastels by Countess Feodora Gleichen and Mrs. Adrian Hoyse swelled the collection, not to mention Lady Lindsay's charming impressionistic study of a maiden. Bibelots fashioned by the members of the Working Ladies' Guild occupied a smaller saloon, forming an ante-room to another of greater dimensions, where a dramatic and musical performance, organised by the Hon. Mrs. Rowley, took place.

An attractive programme, a French comédietta, acted by Lady Mary Pepys and Miss Freeman, and a recitation by Judge Selfe drew the most enthusiastic applause. But in a small boudoir, hung with pale green silk, I eventually arrived at the good wine of the show. Over a hundred inimitable portraits by John Downman had been lent by various happy possessors for exhibition in aid of the charity. Many were hidden from a hurried view in portfolios, but some of the best examples of his genius smiled from their little gilt frames on this *fin-de-siècle* mart and on the living women who bear their names to-day. There is Lady Elizabeth Foster, her curls tenderly indicated in neutral crayon, and "her cheeks encoloured faintly" as ever they were in life. There is Georgina, the mysterious Duchess of Devonshire, with her graceful *légereté*, and Miss Farren, the celebrated actress, whose beauty won her an Earl of Derby for a husband. Mrs. Siddons' portrait bears in the artist's handwriting the following remark—"Off the stage I thought her face more inclined to the comic," a statement which her tragic expression contravenes. Lady De Laval, a lovely *ennuyée*, hangs next to a sometime Countess of Tyrconnel, a coquettish smile curving her mobile lips. One would like to ask her what she thought of it all, sure of wit, if not wisdom, for an answer—to ask how they feel to-day, these dear, dead women, in the house of an American millionaire? Did they ever hear of one in the days of the first George, I wonder?

We have collectors of almost every article under the sun; but the collector of tights is certainly a novelty. However, that they exist is proved by the fact that a collection of such belonging to a deceased gentleman has just been sold in Paris by his heirs, the whole realising 7000 francs. A pair of *tricot*s which had encased the shapely legs of the celebrated danseuse Emma Livry, who was burnt to death in 1862 during the rehearsal of "The Mute of Portici," fetched 125 francs.

"Shakspeare—and sixpence!" is the watchword all the year round at Stratford-on-Avon. Sixpence to see Shakspeare's birthplace and various hypothetical domestic utensils belonging to the poet's family; sixpence to see the cottage where that indubitable virago, Anne Hathaway, lived; sixpence to see his monument and tombstone! Shakspeare and the family Bible lie in every window nook; and busts, whose varying lineaments contradict each other, crown every available coping-stone. This is the result of fifty years' American hero worship. These zealous celebrity hunters come in shoals to Stratford, and put up at the Shakspeare Hotel, where every sitting-room is hung with illustrations of scenes from the poet's works, and every bed-room labelled according to their names, so that a man may choose if he will sleep in "Timon of Athens" or "Midsummer Night's Dream"; and "Hamlet's boots!" and "Shaving water for Othello!" are the cries which most frequently startle the morning echoes. But this fine Shaksperian frenzy rises to its height on a certain week in the year, that including Shakspeare's birthday. The Memorial Theatre, built by Mr. Flower in honour of the poet, is opened and tenanted by Mr. F. R. Benson and his company of actors, whose repertory consists almost entirely of Shakspeare's plays, and includes some of the more recondite ones, such as "Coriolanus" and "The Merry Wives" and "Timon of Athens"—plays which have more credit than money in them.

The "Stratford week" is looked upon by Mr. Benson's company as the Blue Riband of the year's tour. For once they are acting under perfectly ideal conditions. The theatre stands—an imposing mass of rather miscellaneous architecture—in a garden on the banks of the Avon. The stage-door opens on to a bank of rushes and a landing-stage for boats. The result is much to everybody's satisfaction, except, perhaps, that of the stage-manager. The call-boy's time is chiefly taken up during morning rehearsals in hallooing frantically from the bank to recalcitrant members of the company, afloat in boats, to inform them that they are "on." Inside, the aspect of the gentlemen in flannels and the ladies in sailor hats, who walk the boards under the stern eye of the acting-manager, suggests a boating party rather than a rehearsal. Later on, during the *entr'actes*, Romeo, as handsome as a Romeo should be, may be met, quenching his hot sighs in the real moonlight, by some stage-struck member of the audience, and Malvolio, cross-gartered to perfection—Mr. Benson is nothing if not archaeologically correct—discovered studying revenge by the waterside.



## THE OLD AND THE NEW "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

A CHAT WITH MR. H. C. CUST, M.P.



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MR. H. C. CUST, M.P.

Past a dingy doorway in Northumberland Street, just out of the busy, bustling Strand, giving a glance to the notice intimating that "The Editor is invisible until after twelve o'clock," I mounted the staircase which led to the room where Mr. Henry Cust had kindly consented to be interviewed for *The Sketch*. Books and pamphlets in dusty disorder betokened approaching departure to the new offices of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in Charing Cross Road. A large portrait of the Prime Minister looked down serenely from one wall, and an orange poster lightened the darkness of another. An alert young man rose from the editorial chair to greet me, the secretary vanished, the genial cigarette was lighted, and Mr. Cust submitted to his cross-examination with a modest expostulation after the manner of "The Needy Knife-grinder."

"I suppose, Mr. Cust, you have always had a leaning towards journalism?" was my first query.

"Not in the least. The only things I ever wrote before I became editor were a review for the *Anti-Jacobin* and six lines of poetry for the *St. James's Gazette*."

"Well, that was a unique position of affairs. By-the-way, was the poetry accepted?"

"Oh, yes," laughed Mr. Cust. "But now you will be able to understand the difficulties of the situation. Why, it was like taking command of a ship when you didn't know even the ropes. Another thing I may tell you—Mr. Frederick Greenwood was the only journalist I knew in London before I came here."

"It's a very hard life, but I like it, and hope to stick to it. I often don't get home from the House till past midnight, and at 7.45 a.m. here I am at the *Pall Mall Gazette* office."

I began to appreciate the courage as well as the comicality of the sudden transition of a young Conservative member of Parliament, thirty-two years of age, to the editor's chair in Northumberland Street.

"Mr. Stead has been warning you in the *Review of Reviews* to choose between Parliament and the Press."

"Yes, I know; but it is only a question of whether you have the strength for both, and I hope I have. The connection between the two is often so advantageous as to outweigh other considerations."



The Editor's Room  
At the "Pall Mall Gazette"  
Office.



"And what is your ideal, Mr. Cust, for the *Pall Mall Gazette*?"

"Well, I am trying to see good in both parties, to maintain an independence which may criticise legislation from the point of view of 'the man in the street.'"

"To be, I suppose, a journalistic Lord Derby?"

"Yes; so far as dispassionate consideration of public men and questions of the day is concerned. I know the people will say it is impossible, that we are sitting on the fence, or 'wobbling'; but I'm going to give the independent attitude a fair chance."

"And as to future plans?"

"There are plenty, I can assure you; one or two I should like to tell you if you weren't a journalist yourself. Mr. Müller, late of the *Manchester Courier*, I hope will join us soon. He will be a valuable acquisition. Gradually, I want to build up my idea, but it cannot be done all at once. [Another Master-Builder!] One thing I shall try to do is to give literary matters special prominence. Just lately Professor Huxley, Mr. Leslie Stephen, and Sir F. Pollock have written reviews in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Oh, yes, we are going to have illustrations, every day, if possible. And the harmless, necessary interviewer will accompany us to our new offices."

"From this home of interviewing," I could not help adding.

"I believe in the signed article, and, to a certain extent, we shall go in for them. But, of course, the great thing is to get your specialists around you, and this is going to be one of my aims, especially as regards reviewers."

"May I ask whose idea it was to publish the Home Rule Bill as a *Pall Mall Gazette* extra?"

Mr. Cust quietly owned the soft impeachment of authorship, and said that some had tried to argue against the probability of a success. "A very experienced journalist told me it would be no good, for English people did not buy Acts of Parliament, let alone Bills. But we have already sold 70,000."

Our conversation then ended, the interviewer carrying away a very favourable impression of the plucky successor to the four distinguished editors who have since 1865 directed the destinies of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.  
D. W.

## THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

BY ITS FIRST EDITOR.

If, dear Mr. Sketch, I were to answer your desire by relating the historiettes of that low-roofed room in Northumberland Street while I was its occupant I should fill half your sheet without the pictures, and still leave lots of gossiping trivialities untouched. It would be dangerous to begin. But on the supposition (which, however, I do not exactly understand) that there is some interest in the room where the *Pall Mall Gazette* was born (twenty-seven years ago, the first fifteen of which was my time), I may tell you that the one you have figured is not the right apartment. Here that journal has flourished under a considerable variety of nurses, but it was not here that it came into the world, nor here that it went through the customary troubles of infancy, which, though they were not remarkably prolonged in our case, neither were they exceptionally light.

The original office of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was in Salisbury Street, the last house but one on the right-hand side as you descended from the Strand to the river. That, however, is but a teasing particular for habitual pilgrims to shrines; for not only has that house disappeared, but the one opposite, which looked into its august first-floor (where the room was situate), has also gone, and with it both the next-door houses, where the first go-off of mighty pens might have been heard by the greedy ears which we can imagine were applied close to either party-wall on a certain February morning in the year 1865. In short, the whole street has gone—gone to make way for modern improvements as completely (and for the same good reason) as all that distinguished the first *Pall Mall* from its successors of identical name. It was a small, genteel, old-fashioned dwelling-house, that original office, very like those that may be seen in the neighbouring Craven Street and Buckingham Street to-day; with the sentimental drawback that most of the other houses in the street were occupied by mere lodgers, here to-day and gone to-morrow: a damping consideration, if dwelt upon. The parlours—as the lower rooms of such dwellings were always called when Salisbury Street was built—were apportioned to the publication department: gloomy, Low Church rooms, where the most melancholy publisher that ever darkened doors was doomed to become more melancholy yet. An excellent, painstaking man, but oh! so wan and still! Above these rooms, the memorable first-floor, which the good reader will see as plainly as the sketch before him if he will take the trouble to close his eyes and say, "Two pounds-ten a week, including attendance, gas, and the kitchen fire." Not but that the apartment was appropriately furnished. "The Heart's Misgivings," "Waiting for the Verdict," and "The Village Festival" had been taken from the walls, a right supply of solid mahogany had replaced the fashionable walnut-wood, but yet there was always a feeling as if the antimacassars had not been taken away for good but had only "gone to the wash." These were the editor's rooms: the first-floor front proper, a six-foot closet at the side, where some of the most powerful pens of the day wagged, and a waiting-room in the rear like no other in the world for gloom, except a similar apartment in Ely Place; the peculiarity of which, however, can be accounted for. Here—that

is to say, in the first-floor front of the last house but one on the right-hand side of Salisbury Street, Strand—the *Pall Mall Gazette* was born; and here its growth for months was so slow that to impartial eyes it seemed very unlikely to outlast the cradle of its birth. The demand for evening papers was at its very lowest at that time. The price of the new journal was high for so small a sheet, and many weeks passed before its sale went beyond hundreds. There were dull times, therefore, in the first-floor front. But they went with a never-flagging confidence that made labour light, which was needful; for there were weeks when from Monday morning till Saturday evening its editor never set foot outside the house, but dined in the tomb-like waiting-room, slept in a similar pleasantry above, rose to breakfast where he had dined, and fagged steadily through every hour of the day, from nine o'clock till midnight; but this without obligation, or harm, or any sense of hardship, be it understood.

It was in Salisbury Street that the *Pall Mall Gazette*—thanks to a good half-dozen of first-rate writers, besides some that were second-rate—secured its reputation, though it had yet to grow; and then a move was made into what had been a barren warehouse of so many floors, but was now a capital reconstruction, fitted up regardless of expense, and with

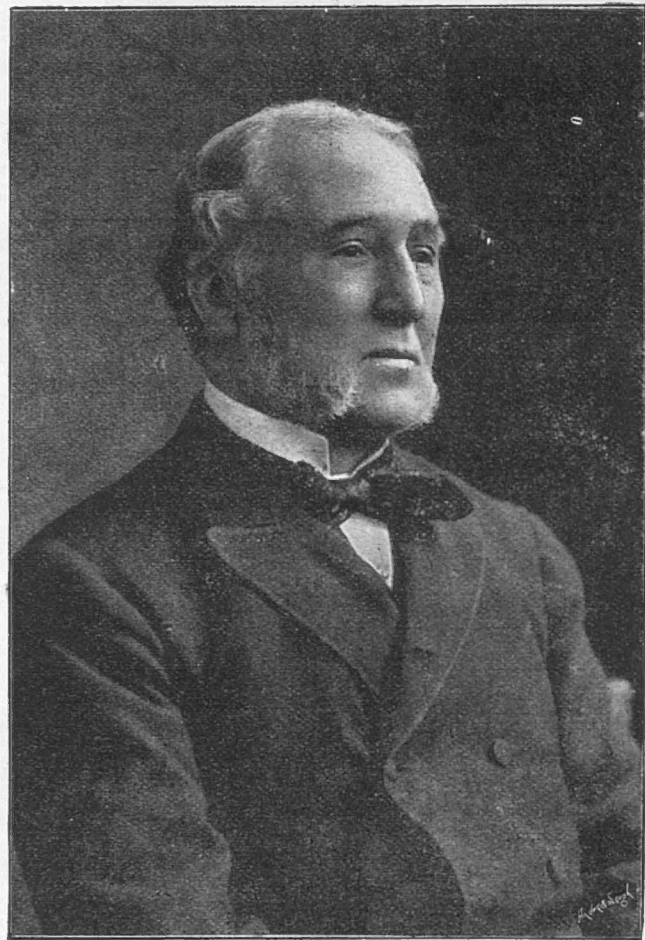


Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

such glorious Turkey carpets where I fancy I see in your picture a portion of a hayfield that I have never since beheld the like of them. And I fancy that is my old table, and I'm sure that is my old chair, which must be worth a good four-and-sixpence more than its cost now that it has got into print. But I know nothing of the small table near the window. That is a shallow and intrusive latter-day substitute for my standing-desk; and your readers should be informed that, unless they are content to carry to their graves an incomplete impression of this renowned apartment, they must imagine another window to the left of the table, with an armchair beneath it. If you could get that armchair to yield up an image of all its various occupants since 1866, you would make a very pretty gallery of strange and clever people. F. G.

## A CHRONOLOGY OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

Apropos of the removal of the *Pall Mall Gazette* from Northumberland Street to Charing Cross Road, it may be of interest to recall the history of the famous journal, foreshadowed by Thackeray as a paper "written by gentlemen for gentlemen." Its first number appeared on Feb. 7, 1865, and the paper continued until May 1, 1880, under Mr. Frederick Greenwood's able editorship. Mr. John Morley reigned in his stead. In 1882 the price of the paper was reduced to the popular penny. Mr. Morley retired in February 1883. He was succeeded by Mr. W. T. Stead, whose new régime lasted for seven eventful years. In 1890 Mr. Stead's energy was diverted into another channel by the founding of the *Review of Reviews*, and Mr. E. T. Cook became the editor. The sale of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in October 1892—coming as a "bolt from the blue"—resulted in Mr. Cook's resignation. The present editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is Mr. Henry Cust, M.P.



## A FEW WORDS FROM MR. STEAD.

So the head-quarters of the *Pall Mall Gazette* are to be transferred to 18, Charing Cross Road, and Northumberland Street will soon know the familiar sanctum no more. I cannot help feeling somewhat sad at the thought of the removal. There are so many memories connected with Northumberland Street that it seems a distinct breach of the continuity

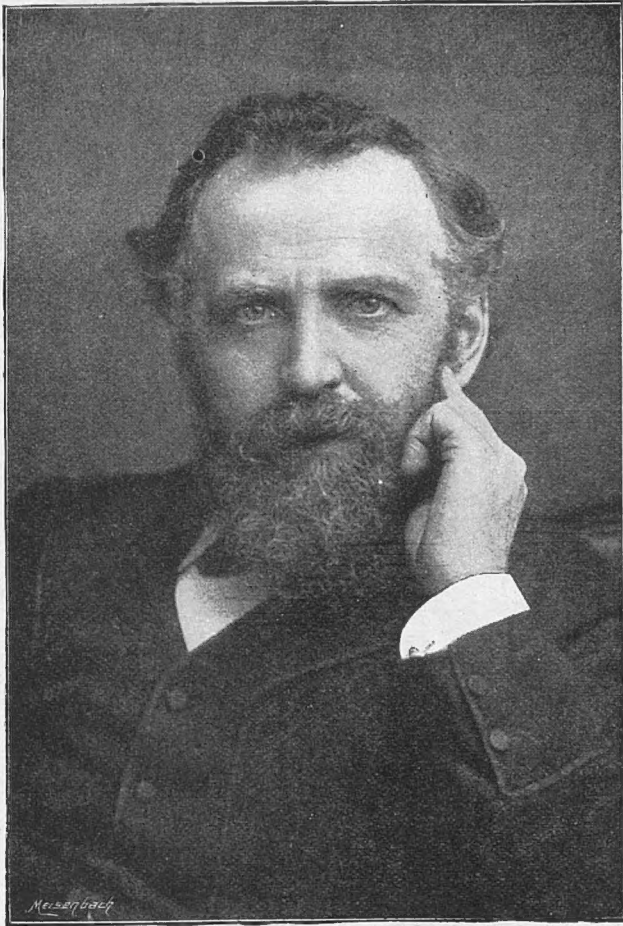


Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.  
MR. W. T. STEAD.

of past history to set up the sanctum in another street. I hope, however, that wherever the office of the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* may be found, he will be faithful to the great tradition which caused the editor of that paper to be regarded as, in a peculiar manner, one of the keepers of the ears of King Demos, to whom streamed the endless procession of all who needed advice, or help, or counsel.

But now closed for ever will be the familiar stairs up which came statesmen and diplomatists, beggars and financiers, soldiers and agitators, and all the motley crew to whom publicity is as the breath of life. Men with a grievance and women in despair flocked to the office as pilgrims to a shrine. For the editor in Northumberland Street used to be like Sandalphon, in the Rabbinical legend—Sandalphon, the angel of prayer. It is a prosaic rendering, no doubt. For he has much to do besides listening to the sounds that ascend from below—

From the hearts that are broken with losses,  
And weary with dragging the crosses  
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

I remember one day, when Mr. Ruskin came round to the office, he wrote in his picturesque, complimentary fashion: "I am coming to the New Downing Street, so much superior to the Old Downing Street."

I am glad that you are preserving in your pages a view of the sanctum gladium of that "New Downing Street" which will now become only a memory among men.

W. T. S.

Dr. Hermann Adler, the Chief Rabbi, is making a pastoral tour, in the course of which he will visit most of the provincial Jewish congregations. It will be interesting to know whether he will make any references in his pastoral addresses to the movement lately set on foot among the "chosen people" in this country to disqualify money-lenders from holding prominent honorary official positions in the synagogue. There are many towns where the wardens are engaged in the trade of usury, and it is felt that, as those who follow this business bring discredit on the community, they should not be elected to posts of honour, in which they necessarily figure as representative Israelites. But it is "money that makes the mare go," and the provincial synagogue can scarcely afford to offend its supporters, for there are many towns where the only well-off Jews are those engaged in the obnoxious occupation.

## "ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The banking crisis in Australia, involving in the seven banks that have failed this year £47,988,000, sorely exercises the colonies. The moratorium of the Victorian Government has not been a success. New South Wales has adopted a Bill making the notes issued by its banks a first charge on their capital and reserves, and vesting power in the Government in cases of emergency to make such notes a legal tender for a prescribed time. The Bank of New South Wales has just announced a dividend of 15 per cent. for the half-year.

In view of the banking crisis, Mr. Edward Pulsford's "Notes on Capital and Finance in Australasia" is timely, even though dated last autumn. British investments in these colonies are valued at £400,000,000, and he shows that indebtedness grows faster than population or production. Mr. Pulsford laments that every one of these colonies is "a suppliant in the London money market. It will not do," he continues; "borrowing must be vastly curtailed."

The Queensland elections have, so far, resulted in a victory for the Ministry, the Premier, Sir Thomas Mellwraith being returned with a large majority. Mr. Richard John Seddon has succeeded the late Mr. Ballance as Premier of New Zealand. He is a Lancashire man, a mechanical engineer to business, and emigrated thirty years ago.

The fund for the relief of the sufferers from the recent floods in Queensland has been closed. A sum of £69,000 has been realised.

The Kanaka labour problem has brought Mr. R. L. Stevenson into the field as an opponent of the system. He thinks it cannot be carried on without grave abuses. "I believe, in fact," he vigorously said to an interviewer, "that as we sit here talking unvarnished kidnapping is being practised in the islands."

The rabbit is steadily advancing in New South Wales, and the lessees of Crown lands in the eastern and central divisions have been beseeching the Minister of Lands to assist them in the erection of rabbit-proof barrier fences; but he has no money.

It is nearly forty years since the railway was introduced in Victoria. By 1872 only 313 miles of line were open, where to-day well on to 3000 miles are available. Mr. Francis Myers ("Telemachus") has written a short history of the Victorian railway system, showing how the tourist may to the best advantage traverse the colony.

The new steam service between Australia and Canada begins to-morrow week, and will be continued monthly. The Dominion Government promise a subsidy of £25,000.

The first shipment of Canadian cattle for the season is on its way to Liverpool. The Dominion is trying to cultivate a sardine export trade.

It appears that the action at Chilas, in which Major Averell Daniell lost his life in the beginning of March, checked a serious rising of the tribes. Chilas Fort was to be attacked by the tribes, when Major Daniell, with 180 Sepoys, surprised them, and, despite their numbers, 3000 men, defeated them. He received the fatal wound in the heart in the moment of victory. Meanwhile, disturbances have broken out in one of the tributary States, Orissa, in Bengal, the Rajah's rule being disliked.

General Sir James Dormer, Commander-in-Chief of Madras, has succumbed to the injuries he received from a tiger. He began his military career nearly forty years ago, and had done excellent service to his country.

India now possesses 126 cotton mills, which employ 112,000 persons. The value of yarns and piece goods exported has increased more than threefold during the last ten years.

It is officially stated that though Sir Henry Loch's conference with President Krüger was friendly no final conclusions were arrived at.

A Ministerial crisis at the Cape resulted last week in the resignation of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Premier. It was caused by irreconcilable differences between Mr. Merriman, the Treasurer, and Sir James Sivewright, the Commissioner of Public Works. A new Cabinet has since been formed by Mr. Rhodes, but Sir James Sivewright is not in it, though he retains Mr. Rhodes's confidence.

Sir Gerald Portal's mission to Uganda has found enthusiastic support at the May meetings of the Church Missionary Society. Meanwhile, Captain Williams and Major Smith have bombarded the Uvuma Islands, at the upper end of Lake Victoria Nyanza, on account of the outrages committed by the natives. They liberated about a hundred slaves.

The slave trade between Africa and Madagascar has received a great impetus by the withdrawal of British cruisers from Malagasy waters. M. de Mahy, the French ex-Minister of Agriculture, has been inveighing against British missions in Madagascar and the seizure of Uganda.







## LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The "Vernissage" at the Salon was, as usual, most numerous attended, and the exceptionally good show of pictures and sculpture much admired and appreciated. All Paris seemed to be there—at least, that large portion representing art, letters, and the stage—with a goodly sprinkling of the upper ten thousand. The dresses generally were in good taste and without exaggeration—no dreadful, blood-curdling, æsthetic horrors, such as grace our Private View sometimes. Shortly before mid-day there was a rush for Ledoyen's, where every table is ordered weeks beforehand. It is always a lively and animated scene there, the gay parties lunching on the beautiful green lawn, protected this year from the torrid sun by huge red umbrellas, the women in their best gowns and the men in their best temper, all enjoying the traditional salmon trout and its attendant green sauce, and other good things for which this restaurant is so justly famed. Among the happy throng I noticed Madame Séverine, Madame de Rute, Georges Clairin, Aimé Morot, Madame Rose Caron, M. and Madame Munkacsy, Carolus Duran, the Prince de Lucinge, Raphael Bischoffsheim, Vicomte de Janzé, &c.

The Salon was formally opened the next day, April 30, when the entrance-fees amounted to 25,266 fr.

M. Charles de Mazade, member of the Académie Française, died recently of pneumonia and influenza. He was seventy-two years of age, and belonged to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contingent in the Academy.

A scheme is on foot to institute a Washington House home for American girl art-students in Paris, where they can be lodged and fed for five francs a day. A considerable sum of money has been already raised, and there seems every chance of success, although it has given rise to endless little squabbles between one party, who want English girls to be admitted too, and the other party, who want them kept out. These harmless bickerings take the form of constant letters to the *New York Herald*, which the long-suffering editor always kindly and conscientiously inserts. Lady Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar, lent her ball-room for a concert in aid of this commendable scheme last week, which was well attended by the American and English colonies. Madame Nevada-Palmer was most heartily welcomed after her long absence from Paris. She sang the aria from "La Sonnambula" and the "Fleur du Foyer," by Gounod, and was rapturously applauded, as usual. M. Casella contributed two violoncello solos, and the singing of M. Auguez in an air from Bizet's "Fair Maid of Perth" delighted the audience.

Great rejoicings took place on the event of the golden wedding of the Prince and Princess de Joinville, at their Château des Aigles, Chantilly, at which all their relations and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren were present, and which included nineteen royal princes and princesses. The popular young Princess Marie of Denmark was absent, owing to a rather painful accident which happened to her before leaving home. While painting, the Princess inadvertently dropped some acid on her foot, which severely burnt it. On arrival in Paris the pain was so intense—a large blister having formed—that her Royal Highness was obliged to stay in bed instead of going on to Chantilly.

The Nouveau Cirque was recently crammed to overflowing on the occasion of a boxing match, organised by Mr. Boon. Mr. Hulls, of the London *Sporting Life*, was referee, and Mr. Boon acted as timekeeper. Bill James, of Bloomsbury, and Tom Harris, of Shoreditch, feather-weight fighters, first appeared. After some good fighting on both sides, James won. Jack Fitzgibbons, of Ratcliff, and Callan, of Shoreditch, bantam-weights, were the next on the programme. Some very good sparring was witnessed between these two. Then followed the great event of the evening—twelve rounds with 4-oz. gloves between Bill Bolton, of St. George's-in-the-East, and Alfred Buckingham, of Bloomsbury. This proved, I believe, a most scientific match, and everybody seemed very excited when Bolton was declared the winner. The house was packed with sporting men of all descriptions, from the members of the Jockey Club to little stable-boys. Madame Elvira Guerra was enthusiastically applauded as she went through her clever performance on her beautiful mare Bouton d'Or.

An extremely cruel "joke" was recently played upon a young lady of extremely good family and spotless character. An advertisement appeared in the columns of a popular advertising paper, the *Petites Affiches*, and ran as follows: "Demoiselle, 30 ans, jolie, distinguée, ayant fortune, légère tache, désire se marier avec monsieur ayant petite position," and ended with the full name and address of the young lady. Within two days she had over fifty answers! She was most indignant and furious at having her reputation attacked in this manner and the representation that she was publicly seeking a husband, and so she very properly brought an action against the paper. It was defended, and apologies offered and great regrets expressed. The magistrates said that the newspaper had not made proper inquiries as to the source of such an advertisement, and therefore the proprietors were fined five francs and one franc damages!

MIMOSA.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

If I were asked to name one of the best managed race meetings in England, I should, without hesitation, say Sandown Park. In the first place, the officials are their own refreshment contractors, and where so many members are concerned the food and drink question is a burning one. Under the eagle eye of Sir Wilford Brett the catering at Sandown



Photo by Byrne, Richmond.

MR. HWFA WILLIAMS.

is as near to perfection as it is possible to get. Again, the comforts of members and paying patrons are studied in a thousand-and-one other ways, as is testified by the presence of coke fires dotted about the rings during the winter meetings, to say nothing of the covering of the members' path in places with cocoa-nut matting. If the company had not been overloaded with capital at its foundation, shareholders would now be getting more than seven per cent. on their investments. The management of the Sandown Meeting really devolves on the shoulders of Mr. Hwfa Williams, a brother of General Owen Williams, who is well known in the higher branches of society, and is held in the highest esteem by the members of the Sandown Park Club.

As I have already intimated, Ascot will be a gay function this year, and already the majority of the desirable houses in the neighbourhood have been taken for the race week. The applications for admission to the Royal Enclosure are so numerous that many people will have to put up with a curt negative from the Master of the Buckhounds, who, I am glad to learn, is fast recovering from his recent attack of influenza. I hope Major Clements will this year give orders for the public entrance to be thrown open before the fast special arrives from London, so as to prevent the ugly crush that assisted in ruffling the tempers of so many visitors last year. I think, too, that an additional box might be started for the issue of paddock tickets, as the present one, which is situated just at the mouth of the tunnel, is not sufficient to meet demands at times.

Perhaps one of the happiest owners on the Turf just now is Mr. McCalmont, whose horse Isinglass won such a popular victory in the Guineas. Judging from what one saw of the race run over the Rowley Mile, it would be folly to advise the opposing of Isonomy's celebrated son either for the Derby or for the St. Leger. That the triple crown is awaiting Isinglass is pretty well assured, so long as he keeps sound and well. Mr. McCalmont, who has a hopeless task in front of him in trying to oust Mr. Newnes from the representation of the Newmarket division in Parliament, is a good all-round sportsman. He was instrumental in starting the Army Football Association. He handles the ribbons like a professional, and drives a coach at his Welsh home during the season. Further, Mr. McCalmont has a strong love for aquatics, and he is a good patron of several up-river regattas.

There will be a leviathan crowd to see the race for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park on Saturday. I am still of opinion that Gangway will win—that is, if the start takes place directly the horses have arrived at the post, which seldom occurs, by-the-by, in this race. If the Kempton directors were wise, they would fell the two trees which at present prevent the start from being properly seen from the rings. I am very glad to hear that the Kempton Club is flourishing. Mr. S. H. Hyde intends to have the enclosure decorated with flowers from end to end next Saturday, so it should prove a pleasing spectacle.



## THE CARTOON OF THE WEEK.



THE SPOILT CHILD.

"AND WOULD MY DARLING LITTLE PADDY BOY LEAVE HIS MA DEAR!"



## LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

Save for its vases of spring flowers and its quaint reproductions of ancient ecclesiastical pictures on the walls—notably a quite remarkable triptych by Hans Memling, a copy of an altar-piece in the cathedral at Lübeck, dated 1491, in which vivid presentments are given of Calvary, the Via Dolorosa, and the Entombment and Resurrection—the little study in The Cottage, at Reigate, which Lady Henry Somerset is occupying while her lovely Surrey home, The Priory, is under repair, might have been the office of some busy man. Mounds of letters and piles of papers were to be seen on all sides, and when Lady Henry herself came, with her accustomed courtesy and bright charm of manner, to submit to the ordeal of a talk on the subject of the beneficent work to which she is devoting so much of her time and great ability it was from the dictation of an article for her paper, the *Woman's Herald*, in the conduct of which she takes an active part.

"I think we may take it for granted, Lady Henry, that everyone agrees with you and your work so far as general principles are concerned?"

"Yes, I think the evils of intemperance are so painfully apparent that no sane person can be opposed to any effort at reform. We all agree that the wretchedness and the crimes exist, and that they should

they are working and living under conditions which virtually compel them to go to the public-house if they seek any brightness or relief in their lives, false and deplorable as they may be. It seems to me that the very first thing to do is to inquire into the causes which make people intemperate, and then deal afterwards with the intemperance itself."

"And how do you propose to do that, Lady Henry?"

"Our scheme is to divide the work into departments, with a specialist at the head of each. This is the only way to deal with the question in all its aspects. By this means we hope to get a network of influences operating all over the country, women in all quarters making a study of details, such as special temptations and determining causes at work in particular localities and the like, so that we may grapple with the evil in each place in the particular way that appears most likely to prove effective."

"How long is it since you devoted yourself to this work?"

"About seven years, and the change that has come over public opinion in regard to it even in that time is simply marvellous. I can assure you that there is an immense misunderstanding on the part of the average member of Parliament and the public as to how far the working classes are with us in this movement. There is a solid sentiment among them in favour of protection by law against themselves and the temptations to which they are exposed. The towns in North Wales are so

many proofs of this and so many object-lessons, as their condition is proved by statistics and is no matter of fancy. The people who are interested in the liquor traffic know this, but the average member of Parliament seems ignorant of the facts."

"What about Sunday closing, Lady Henry? Does it, in your opinion, promote secret drinking at home?"

"Most certainly not."

"And what do you think about the clubs?"

"Ah! I am afraid they will always be a difficulty. I am quite sure it would be absolutely unfair to interfere with working men's clubs and at the same time leave the clubs in the West End untouched."

"There is also the difficulty, is there not, of the temperance question being made a fierce party question?"

"That is so, and it seems inevitable, to some extent at all events, as, no matter which side shows a really earnest desire to legislate on the liquor question in a manner favourable to temperance, we are bound to do all that lies in our power to strengthen their hands."

"Does the Church help you much?"

"I am bound to say that hitherto the Established Church has not done so. The Bishop of

Chester's scheme has much that is good in it, and a modification of it might prove valuable. But when the Gothenburg system is considered it must be remembered that a drunken woman is almost unknown there. And there is no selling of drink by women, just as in America, where it is illegal. In this country, unfortunately, women are more employed in the work than men. The Church is certainly moving, but the country clergyman is not of much use to us. He has such a dread of mixing up with Nonconformity, and if he touches the temperance question at all it is in a distinctly condescending spirit."

"And the medical profession?"

"Are coming into line excellently at last. They did harm in the past, but the best men are ranging themselves on our side. There can be no doubt that the treatment of inebriety in the past has been very imperfect. The caravanserai method of treating any phase of evil is a mistake—the system should be altogether more homelike. We have still a great deal to learn both as regards the causes of intemperance and its treatment, but I am very sanguine of our plan of dealing with the subject upon a very broad basis. It seems to me that there is no other method possible if the evil is to be dealt with in any really effective manner."

"And do you find that the newspapers usually give much aid to the movement?"

"I am very glad indeed to be able to acknowledge the help that the Press constantly gives us."

"And what of the general public, who are the ultimate deciders of the question?"

"I am also able to say that public opinion, especially among the working classes, is ranging itself more and more definitely upon our side every day."

A. G.



EASTNOR CASTLE, THE SEAT OF LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

Photo by Eyre and Spottiswoode.

be stamped out as soon and as effectually as possible. But we do not all agree as to the methods to be pursued, or as to the details of the work to be done. Here we touch individual views, prejudices, and interests. Indeed, I feel as though we had only, so far, sounded the alarm, and that the real battle was going to begin," and Lady Henry smiled brightly as though quite prepared to take her part in any fighting that might be necessary on behalf of the cause which she has so close at heart.

"Your programme is so comprehensive that it is scarcely possible to avoid some differences of opinion on points of detail?"

"Exactly. Our views are too broad to suit everybody. I believe firmly that temperance must be the foundation of all philanthropy; but, you see, intemperance is not everything, although, perhaps, it is in everything. My own opinion is that hitherto we have been dealing too much with effects and too little with causes. The effects are so deplorably obtrusive that we are apt to let them monopolise our attention, so that we utterly ignore the hidden causes, and yet, if reform is to be real and permanent, it must unquestionably go to the root of the matter, and not be content with breaking off a twig here or even lopping off a branch there. I know that a number of excellent people could not at all understand why we temperance women should have been represented in the recent deputation to the Home Secretary upon the question of appointing women as factory inspectors. 'What has the World's Women's Temperance Union to do with the inspection of factories?' I know was asked. But, surely, it does not need much thought to convince any reasonable person that it has everything to do with such questions. Everything that affects the home life is a proper field of work for such a society. It is no use following men and women with the pledge when



## SMALL TALK.

The late Lord Derby was undoubtedly what our cousins north of the Tweed call a "carefu' mon." For three-and-twenty years he enjoyed an income that was probably nearer two than one hundred thousand per annum; he had no family, no expensive tastes; the greater part of his time he lived the life of a country gentleman at his charming place, Holwood, near Keston, in Kent, and kept but little state at his ancestral seat, Knowsley Hall. It is doubtful if Lord Derby spent a fifth of his income, and his savings must amount to a handsome sum, which I understand (so say some who ought to be "in the know") is likely to be not far off a couple of millions sterling. The late Earl's savings are, however, scarcely likely to benefit the Stanley family, for, if gossip be correct, they will go to his widow, who is some year or two older than her late husband, and, as all the world knows, was the second wife of the late Marquis of Salisbury and step-mother of the present Marquis. This lady has five children by her first husband.

Should the present unprecedented spell of glorious weather continue much longer, the price of all kinds of "green meat" is likely, I hear, to increase enormously, and then the chief charm of the frugal vegetarian's banquet—its cheapness—will "softly and silently vanish away," and it will be no more extravagant to dine in civilised fashion *à la carte* at the Café Royal than *à la* Nebuchadnezzar at the Orange Tree. The reports I have seen about the scarcity of vegetables in the papers are confirmed by a letter from a friend in a western county, who prides himself upon his flower and kitchen gardens. In an audacious parody he descants on the glories of the one and the meagreness of the other, ending his poetical effusion with this pathetic couplet—

Of broccoli we've almost none,  
And now our spinach is all done.

We have heard but little of late of Baron de Hirsch's great Jewish colonisation scheme, or of the new communities which through his munificence have been planted in various parts of the Argentine. Ere long, however, we may expect to learn many interesting details concerning this vast undertaking, for I understand that Colonel Albert Goldsmid, who has been acting as the Baron's agent, is now on his way home, accompanied by his charming wife and two daughters. The gallant Colonel, who holds the position of Deputy-Assistant-Quarter-master-General at the War Office, from the duties of which post he was granted leave of absence for a year, sailed for Buenos Ayres on March 10, 1892, so that the allotted time, in which he was to buy large tracts of country, build villages, and generally prepare the preliminaries of the scheme, has already expired.

Compared with Mr. H. Henderson of Birmingham, Robert Browning's "Pied Piper" was "not in it." The Dublin Corporation, like that of Hamelin, has lately been much exercised in its corporate mind by the swarms of rats that have congregated in their thousands in the city abattoir, honeycombing the ground, and making sad havoc among meat and hides. Like the Brunswick Corporation, the Irish one called in the assistance of a "vermin-killer." This gentleman's method is a vast improvement on that of his mediæval and parti-coloured predecessor. Instead of luring the rodents to the Liffey with sweet sounds and drowning them therein, leaving their carcases to breed a cholera or a fever—as was doubtless the case at Hamelin, though the poet does not mention it—Mr. Henderson destroys his vermin with a powder that burns up their "vile bodies," and no unpleasant odour arises from their tombs. I hear that the Birmingham specialist has been eminently successful, and I sincerely hope that in his case the Corporation have duly paid him his "thousand guilders," or whatsoever sum in English money (still current in Dublin, I believe) they agreed to give him.

No one who knew the late Admiral Samuel Long, whose death at Blendworth, his Hampshire residence, took place a few days ago, the result of a fall from his horse, but will sincerely regret him. The Admiral, who was in the prime of life, but a little over fifty, had seen considerable service, though since his promotion to flag rank he had not, I believe, hoisted his pennant. He had served on board the *Agamemnon* and *Royal Albert* through the Crimean War, and was present at the bombardment of Sebastopol. In 1891, while fulfilling the duties of Captain Superintendent at Pembroke, he had charge of the *Barracouta* during the naval manœuvres, when he conducted the operations of the Red Squadron with a tireless activity and watchfulness. In appearance, Admiral Long, with his frank, bronzed face, steady but kindly blue eyes, and well-knit figure, was a typical sailor, and his geniality and kind-heartedness had endeared him to all who knew him.

"Imitation is the sincerest flattery," and women, they say, are peculiarly susceptible to its subtle aroma. I suppose, therefore, that, like others of her sex, the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" is flattered by the attentions of those predatory individuals who ever and anon foist upon the public their imitations of those crisp bank notes, those "promises of May," that are regarded with confidence and affection all over the civilised world. The latest of these "counterfeit presentments"—the forged £10 notes now in circulation—are works of art, not dashed off in the impressionist style of the new school of painting, but executed with all the laboured care and precision of a Dutch picture of the

seventeenth century. They are, in fact, drawings in pen-and-ink upon paper that, until it is handled, bears some resemblance to the genuine article. They might, perhaps, "pass in a crowd"—at a race meeting, for instance—but they are by no means so good as some that I have seen in former years. By the experts they would be detected in a moment, and, indeed, to no one who exercises a proper precaution need they be considered as dangerous. A damp sponge or a wet finger will reveal their fraudulent intentions in an instant.

Lord Teynham apparently does not mind Gladstonians interrupting a meeting, provided there are no clergymen present to be shocked at the "row." For neglecting to remove "three bishops and two canons, the unwilling spectators of a free fight," before the fun commenced, the rowdy Radicals are described by his Lordship as agnostics. They will know better in future. Meanwhile, it is to be regretted that Lord Kimberley cannot be pinned down to a precise definition of what is meant by a "serious" disturbance, for the police are not to interfere with a public meeting unless it is subject to a disturbance that can be styled "serious." The old Greek philosopher had a way of puzzling people by asking whether one grain of wheat made a heap. On being answered in the negative, he asked did two, did three, and so on, and there was a good deal of fun derived from the difficulty experienced in deciding the precise number of grains that warranted the use of the term "heap." The police will evidently have to undergo a similar process. The inspector in charge will have to ask himself, "Does one cracked head constitute a serious disturbance? Do two? Do three?"—And a good deal of responsibility will attach to his hitting—figuratively, of course—the precise number of heads that, in Lord Kimberley's opinion, give him the right of interference.

Although the event has passed almost unnoticed, the death of the Dowager Countess of Buchan, who expired at 27, Park Street a few days ago, at the ripe age of ninety-three, removes yet another important and interesting connecting-link between the present and the past. Born while this century was in its infancy, the late Countess of Buchan was necessarily a witness of some of its most stirring scenes. She remembered perfectly well the excitement aroused in this country by the battle of Waterloo, while of the turmoil created by the first Reform Bill she had plenty of interesting things to say. She was intimate with Sir Walter Scott. She remembered to have seen Byron—in fact, there is scarcely a celebrity worth mentioning that did not, sometime or other, come within the compass of her personal knowledge. Both Brougham and Lord Macaulay she knew well, and while of the former she always observed that his vanity was his great blemish in her eyes, with regard to the latter she could but confess that he was a most brilliant and fascinating creature. Lady Buchan was no mean talker herself; in fact, her conversational powers were of the highest order, and to the last she preserved those intellectual faculties unimpaired which had sufficed to secure her the respect and admiration of her contemporaries.

Since I sang the praises of aluminium in this column a week or two ago, I hear that a steam-launch made of this at present comparatively precious metal has been completed and is a great success. In Paris the latest novelty in visiting cards is made in aluminium, which can be worked into sheets as thin as notepaper. The name can be either engraved or printed in black or in colour. The result is a particularly smart and dainty "pasteboard," if one may be allowed to use that term in this connection. I understand, too, that photographs print remarkably well upon this metal. There is evidently a great future for aluminium.

Once more the wily hosier is trying to lure us to adopt a more ornate style of evening dress. Shirts made of a fine piqué-patterned cambric, and ties of embroidered muslin, the price of which, we are told, as an inducement to don them, is far beyond the reach of the most richly tipped of waiters, are the baits placed temptingly before us. For my own part, I doubt if the fear of being mistaken for one of those "shilling-seeking, trencher-scraping, up-and-downstairs" gentleman, as Marryat styled that useful and generally civil body, the waiters, will ever induce the bulk of Englishmen to depart from the simplicity of their present evening attire. There are, doubtless, dandies of the first water whose souls soar above buttons, and even reach an altitude of a few inches above the top one of their waistcoats, who will hail with delight these sumptuous innovations. Like the gilt buttons that flashed upon our admiring gaze some twenty years ago, and the gorgeously coloured silk handkerchiefs, artistically arranged between waistcoat and shirt of a later period, the wearers will, probably, be few and far between.

The Prince of Wales is a typewriter enthusiast. Marlborough House has recently been brought up to date by the addition of a Remington to its equipment.

Prince Roland Bonaparte is at present in New York, which city he intends to leave presently for the purpose of visiting the Indian territories, in order to study the habits of the redskins and to get a glimpse of the antiquities of Colorado and New Mexico. The Prince, who is a son of Princess Josephine and Count Pierre Primoli, is thirty-five years of age. His wife, who was a beautiful woman, and whose maiden name was Mdlle. Marie Blanc, daughter of the *fermier des jeux* at Monaco, died about ten years ago.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.



TEASING.—BY EUGÈNE DE BLAAS.  
Exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, Haymarket, S.W.

remarkable talent. No persuasion could draw words in this column upon the subject of surface, the treatment of oils, and colour schemes.

There is much in these galleries that is interesting enough, although the excitement to which they give birth is not exactly frantic. Mrs. Alma-Tadema is quite charming in "Many Stitches, many Thoughts"; Mr. J. W. Waterhouse in his "Naiad" reveals his delightfully fantastic, if occasionally whimsical, fancifulness; the Hon. John Collier is as broadly effective as ever; and Professor Herkomer, R.A., is extremely deplorable.

Briefly once more to turn to the Royal Academy; one may run over the work of more prominent names and the prominent work of less well-known men. Sir John Millais has a portrait, "John Hare, Esq.," which is better, on the whole, than recent portraits from the hand of this artist. Mr. Orchardson's "Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory," represents the subject of a young girl seated in a large room, furnished à l'Empire, before an elaborately carved spinet. The minute, Meissonier-like detail is very pleasantly related in its parts; and, though the subject is dull, the picture proves interesting. Mr. Walter West's "Many waters cannot quench love" represents this new allegory as taking place physically; the gentleman, to be brief, is struggling with the lady in a sort of mill-pool; the idea is impossible, since the allegory was obviously never meant to be set under a literal interpretation. The most interesting quality about the work of Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A., is the longevity of the artist that produced it. Mr. Melton Fisher's Venetian subject this year is very disappointing. This is a young artist who must look to his laurels lest he lose in melodramatic and "high" effects of light and tone the other charming qualities of observation and technique which he undoubtedly possesses. Mrs. Stanley's portrait of her husband, Mr. H. M. Stanley, is not a work, save for its subject, that calls for very much attention. The manner is poor, and the intentional and self-conscious simplicity is a little irritating. Lady Butler's picture, "The Camel Corps," is quick with observation, is well drawn, is full of action and dramatic sympathy, but it is harshly painted, its colour is poor, and it barely escapes that strangely condemnatory adjective "prosy." *Sic transit.*

Having prepared betimes, as one has wisely said, before the Academy came to overshadow all, the minor exhibitions open and close with the rapidity of snap-shots. At the Japanese Gallery, Mr. T. J. Larkin has on exhibition a collection of Indian and Singhalese subjects, by Mr. John Varley, which are of considerable interest. Mr. Varley is very successful in his quiet moments. His evening effects, his softened mists, his quieter landscapes have all a peculiar charm of their own in them. They have a glow, a warmth, an artistic feeling which are in every way commendable.

His stronger effects are not so interesting; they seem to be a little harsh in colour and in treatment. The white surf, for example, of a sweeping wave in strong sunlight is harder than a purely atmospheric envelope should make it; the strong white of some mosque dome, set centrally among waving palms and under a blue sky, is emphasised too harshly, without being made completely sunny.



STORM CLOUDS.—BY DAVID GREEN.  
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.

The New Gallery threw open its doors on the same day as the Academy, and the pictures that this prettiest of galleries contains—surely far and away the prettiest of London galleries—have much about the same quality, although, of course, on a reduced scale, as the pictures of the Academy. Mr. Sargent, as in the Academy, is here once more to the front. As one has well said, he "simplifies the labour of the critic." His "Mrs. Hugh Hammersley" and his "Mrs. George Lewis" are both of them miracles of pictorial achievement. Mr. Sargent, as it seems to us, grows steadily, not only in giving expression to a most artistic breadth of vision, but also to a technical mastery over paint and the true values of paints which may lead him into an artistic excellence which it might sound exaggeration to set down in cold speech.

Mr. Burne-Jones—his name shall never more be written R.A. by Mr. Whistler—sends two highly characteristic canvases to the gallery, whose very titles, moreover, are characteristic: they are called "The Pilgrim at the Gate of Idleness" and "The Heart of the Rose." We find it so impossible to steer a middle course, avoiding on the one hand the censure of the zealots and the scorn of the bigots, that it will suffice to say that from Mr. Burne-Jones's artistic point of view the pictures are highly satisfactory; from the point of view of the man who needs a wrench before he can sever himself from the tradition of Velasquez, Corot, and the rest, they remain, as ever, perfectly adequate exhibitions of Mr. Burne-Jones's





"CAUGHT!"—BY GUSTAVE BOULANGER.

EXHIBITED IN THE BERNHEIM (JUN.) GALLERY, PICCADILLY, W.





A VENETIAN BRUNETTE.—BY EUGÈNE DE BLAAS.  
Exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, Haymarket, S.W.



OLD COTTAGES AT BUDLEIGH SALTERTON.—BY JOHN WHITE, R.I.  
Exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, Haymarket, S.W.



THE PRIEST'S BIRTHDAY.—BY J. B. BURGESS, R.A.  
Exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, Haymarket, S.W.



LA PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.—BY F. GARRIDO.  
Exhibited at the Bernheim (Jun.) Gallery, Piccadilly, W.



Another exhibition of a similar kind is on view at Messrs. Vokins's Gallery in Great Portland Street, fresh from the brush of Mr. E. Wake Cook. Mr. Cook's proclivities have led him, for the most part, among mountains, and these he paints wheresoever he is able to find them. The mountains of Switzerland, of Scotland, of New Zealand—these appear to mark the extreme and middle points of his hilly quest. Switzerland has been done many's the time to-day; but we are not sure that Mr. Cook has not brought something fresh to tell of it—nothing fresh, perhaps, of the mountains in the bulk, nor yet of its lakes, but something of their occasional effects, which in these pictures show considerable charm. A glimpse is, for example, given of the misty mountain-tops, from the face of which a veil has just, as it were, been raised. You see through a thin and gauzy atmosphere the irregular tops of snow-clad summits, like the sky-line of some town of Nature's handiwork. They glow here with soft colour, or there they are dimmed into the cold hues of shaded snow. The effect is altogether engrossing.

One New Zealand landscape by the same artist has a characteristic charm of its own. The background and middle distance, indeed, might, for their character, have been transplanted from the mountains of Loch Ness—of any large Scottish lake, in fact. It is in the foreground that the distinctive character is to be noted. Festoons and draperies of wonderful foliage depend from the trees, forming a kind of lattice-work from which to see the sunlit hills and the lake.

Mr. E. Wake Cook's pictorial manner has considerable quality, and is companioned by all the defects of that quality. He has an eye for sudden pictorial effects, and the effects being thus sudden, it sometimes appears as though he had not had the remembrance to carry them out with completeness. One is aware of a certain undefined lack about such effects, although one is very ready to confess that it was an artistic eye which caught them fleeting on the wing.

The Louvre has just acquired a very interesting portrait attributed to Vittorio Pisano, of whose paintings only four are recognised as being authentic. It is the profile portrait of a lady said to have been one of the two wives of Leonello d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, chiefly on account of the embroidered vase of crystal, mounted in pearls and gold, which decorates the sleeves and was an emblem of Leonello's. According to a critic who, apparently, has seen the picture, the pale flesh-tints, light-brown hair, and the costume of red and white of the dame harmonise admirably with the blue sky background and the tufts of violets and columbines which accompany the figure.

An admirably projected volume—time will prove its fulfilment—is

now on the verge of publication by the trustees of the British Museum. It is the complete index of the names of the artists who are represented in the department of Prints and Drawings, as also of the several classes of work by which these artists are represented. A brief biographical notice of the artist's career will also be added, which is said to have been compiled from the most recent and trustworthy of sources. The volume under immediate preparation is in the hands and guidance of the Keeper and Mr. Lionel Cust, who therein deal with the schools of the



AMONG THE BLOOMING HEATHER.—BY JOSEPH PARQUHARSON.  
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, New Bond Street, W.

Netherlands and of Germany. It is estimated that the whole work will run into about six volumes.

It is curious that some of the men who are giving individuality to American art, making it American in subject and treatment, are those who have been born in this country. Among these is Mr. Henry Farrer, who is a Londoner by birth, though he has lived in America since he was nineteen years old. But he has become so thoroughly a son of the land of his adoption that he often advises students to remain in the United States until their art character is formed.

"To him that hath shall be given"; the truism is far truer than, perhaps, is generally admitted. Thus it comes that the honour of the Lieutenantcy of the City of London, conferred upon Mr. James Salmon, has been followed by his old colleagues on the General Purposes Committee of the Common Council—of which he was chairman—presenting him with a handsome silver-gilt centrepiece. It is the work of Messrs. Mappin Brothers.



THE LIBRARY.—BY L. BLOCK.  
Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.







*From Copyright Photo by Mayall, Piccadilly, W.*

MISS MAUDE MILLETT: A REMINISCENCE OF "LIBERTY HALL."



## THE METROPOLIS OF GOLF.

Thou, St. Andrews, beloved of the wind and the sea,  
Tell me where there's a spot I can liken to thee—  
Ay, a spot that's as far from the world's weary strife  
As the City of Golf in the "Kingdom of Fife."

Nowadays, you can't open a newspaper without finding an article on St. Andrews. If you turn to the weeklies you get the same subject in



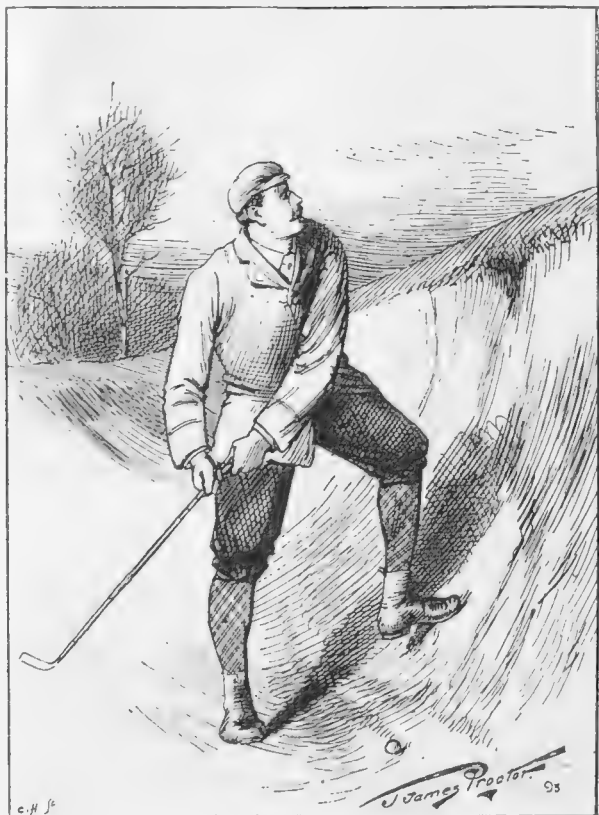
Photo by Messrs. Valentine.

ST. ANDREWS FROM THE LINKS.

verse—St. Andrews. In desperation you fly to the magazines, and there, again, with elaborate illustrations, is St. Andrews. You meet your best friend in the street, golf-clubs in hand, looking for a hansom. You ask him, half apologetically (for you feel that the question is almost superfluous), where he is going, and he tells you—to St. Andrews. You can stand it no longer, and you rush home, pack your portmanteau—and jump on it, of course, to get it to shut—drive to King's Cross and, with a smile of satisfaction, invest your last £6 1s. 9d. (for you and I, you know, always travel "first") in a return ticket—to St. Andrews.

For the benefit of those misguided persons who at some period or other may possibly feel the same wild enthusiasm creeping over them, and, *nolens volens*, may at no very distant date have to contemplate the necessity of an early pilgrimage to this "dear old city, worn and grey," let me offer a brief suggestion as to how most expeditiously to get there. The best way, of course, is by the Great Northern via Edinburgh. Travelling by day, you depart from King's Cross at 10 a.m., and arrive at St. Andrews in precisely twelve hours. Travelling by night, you leave London at 8.30 p.m., and reach your destination at five minutes to nine next morning.

St. Andrews might, perhaps, be described as a quaint old city in miniature, which combines a touch of Unter den Linden with just a dash of Grosvenor Square. It has a University, the oldest in Scotland, with two Principals—one, of course, not being sufficient—and what was once, in its better days, a cathedral. It has also the ruins of an



UP-HILL WORK.

archiepiscopal castle, and picturesque little remnants of mediæval architecture dotted here and there. On one side of the city, adjoining the links, there is a magnificent stretch of sand, and on the other, in keeping with its surroundings, a diminutive harbour. South Street, the principal thoroughfare of St. Andrews, has a double row of small lime-trees, and it is there that most of the public buildings are situated.

In this fair spot you find the noble residence of the man of wealth, "on the cliffs by the sea," and, within a biscuit's throw, the humble dwelling of the honest toiler of the deep in the now narrowing, now widening street. Here, again, you have the dingy gateway, flanked by the bootmaker on one side and the baker on the other, leading to the fairyland beyond—the old French courtyard, so prevalent in St. Andrews, that is unseen by the casual passer-by. On the outskirts, to complete the picture, you get the suburban villa and the stately mansion-house.

It need scarcely be said that there is excellent bathing accommodation at this favourite watering-place—for the gentler sex on the sands, and for the sterner portion of humanity on the rocks at "The Scores," where the hardy swimmer can plunge at sweet will into the boisterous billows of the North Sea.

On a clear day, if you have good eyesight, you may get a glimpse on the distant horizon of the Bell Rock Lighthouse—an infinitesimal white speck, glistening in the sun, some fifteen miles or so out at sea. At night its slowly alternating red and white lights are easily distinguishable. It was the tradition associated with the sunken reef on which this lighthouse stands that has been immortalised by Southey in his celebrated ballad "The Inchcape Rock." Sir Ralph the Rover, a gentleman who occupied a high position in the piratical line of business, it will be



A DRIVE.

remembered, wantonly cut away the bell that had been placed there for the guidance of mariners, and was himself ultimately shipwrecked on this isolated rock.

The pious Abbot of Aberbrothock  
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape rock;  
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,  
And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell  
The mariners heard the warning bell;  
And then they knew the perilous rock,  
And bless'd the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The birthplace of a king, the whilom home of a queen, this grey old city has listened to the words of John Knox—to very little purpose, too; for, as the result of the great Reformer's discourse, the people pulled down the cathedral—and witnessed many a scene of martyrdom and assassination. Its very stones seem to bid you stay and hearken to their tale of bygone ages. It is like the well-worn setting of a mighty drama, where many men have played their parts, and passed away again into the silence of oblivion.

But it is not with thoughts such as these that the ordinary visitor to St. Andrews is troubled. No, he goes there with a totally different object in view. The early Christian martyrs may have perished at the stake in the streets of this historical old place, or they may not, but they don't interest him. Mary Queen of Scots, too, in the course of her unhappy career, may have dwelt for a time at the eastern end of South Street, or she may not; but he isn't going to be bothered with things that happened centuries ago, and can't very well be helped now. From early morn till dewy eve he spends his time on the links, and the gods



he worships *pro tem.* are the "niblick," and the "putter," and the "cleck." In the morning, after breakfast, accompanied by his opponent and their inevitable "caddies," he warily works his way over—and not infrequently into—the seductive "burn" and insidious "bunker," till he has completed his peregrinations around the five-mile course, when he returns for a hasty luncheon, and repeats the same performance in the afternoon. He struggles through the "long hole" in something between fifteen and thirty strokes, and carelessly assures you, when he gets home, that he "Did it in three, old chap; did it in three."

I fancy I can almost hear someone say, "But I don't play golf." Well, what of that? Golf, my dear Madam—I'm not addressing you, Sir—is one of those games, you know, that is almost equally appreciated by the beginner as by the experienced player. It would be well, perhaps, to make your first essay at the noble pastime in the early morning, when the busy world is not yet astir and the contumelious "caddie"—that shadow of the golfer's shade—is still in the land of forgetfulness and dreams. But you have only to complete a round or two of the links, I feel sure, before you become an enthusiastic devotee of the Scottish national game.

Like Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, I have rather a weakness for finishing an article with a little peroration. If you have no objection, I shall do so now. Between you and me, however, I don't mind saying—in strict confidence, of course—that my "little peroration" was written first.

Ah, St. Andrews, St. Andrews, thou grey, grey city by a grey, grey sea, who art kissed by the ocean, caressed by the

breeze, who silently keepest thy watchful vigil by the lonely deep while the restless, hurrying tide of humanity flows on around thee, what a glorious old place thou art! Thou gatherest thy children together in thy strong arms from every corner of the earth, and strengthenest the weary frame with thy health-giving breath. Thou bearest away the dark clouds of care on thine ocean winds—ay, and soothest the troubled heart with thy whisperings of peace.

## THE JUBILEE OF DR. HOPKINS, OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

On Sunday, May 7, 1843, Mr. Edward J. Hopkins was installed as organist at the Temple Church, and by a strange coincidence his fiftieth anniversary in that capacity falls on a Sunday of the same date in this year. A representative of this paper recently called upon Dr. Hopkins at the vestry of the Temple Church apropos of this unprecedented jubilee, when the almost octogenarian organist kindly spoke of some of his long experiences.

"Yes," said Dr. Hopkins, "I come of a long musical family. Not to go further back, my father and my uncle were both members of Charles Kemble's orchestra at Covent Garden, and both played there in the first performance of Weber's 'Oberon.' As a young boy I went to be a chorister at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. My two brothers went as choir-boys to St. Paul's and two cousins were at Westminster Abbey. My cousin, J. Larkin Hopkins, was organist at Rochester Cathedral, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, and my brother, Dr. John Hopkins, succeeded him at the Cathedral. At that time there were in the whole of London only three surpliced choirs with a choral service—St. Paul's, Westminster, and the Chapel Royal—and the ordinary church music was of a very poor character. It would be a great surprise to most people to understand the great revolution and, I hope, improvement that has taken place since those days. Well, before I was seventeen years old I was appointed as the first organist in the parish church at Mitcham, in Surrey. I used to walk down there—eight miles—every Sunday morning by ten o'clock to practise with the children. It was eight years after that before I came to the Temple, and in the interval I had filled the post of organist at St. Peter's, Islington, and at St. Luke's, Berwick Street. I remember there was a very keen contest for the succession to my blind predecessor here, old Mr. Warner. After an anxious period of probation, extending over several months, I had the good fortune to be selected by the Committee of the Temple Societies. And here I have been ever since."

"The character of your services here, Dr. Hopkins, seems to have acquired some peculiar reputation. Can you tell me to what that is due?"

"Well, that is a flattering suggestion, but I must tell you that when I came here the choir had just been formed. We had to work hard to get our choir into that condition that made it noticeable. When I say we I mean the Choir Committee of the Societies of the Temple. It has always been their policy to adapt our music to the moderation

which characterises our ritual in this church. During all my years here we have co-operated in all kindness and willingness, and that smoothness has helped us very much. True, our choir is a small one, only eighteen in all, twelve boys and six men; but that has been fixed by a study of the acoustic properties of the church. Perhaps our method of chanting is peculiarly our own. The late Sir Thomas Chambers, like some others, used frequently to say that it was our punctuation of the chants that attracted him as a regular attendant at our services. Yes, our organ fully deserves its good name. Of course, it has been enlarged and modernised, but all the old stops of the original are still here and doing regular duty. The history of our organ would, perhaps, be interesting. In 1681 there was a famous contest between Smith (usually called 'Father' Smith) and Renatus Harris for the honour of supplying an organ to the Temple Church. Each organ-builder was allowed to erect one in the church. The Temple organist of the day, Dr. Blow, on appointed days performed on Smith's organ to display its excellence, while Harris employed Baptiste Draghi, organist to Queen Catherine, at Somerset House, to 'touch his organ.' The competition, after lasting nearly a twelvemonth with great virulence, was ended by a submission of it to the famous Judge Jeffreys, who pronounced in favour of 'Father' Smith's organ. His choice seems to have been justified by the renown which the instrument still maintains."

"And, I suppose, Dr. Hopkins, your choir is managed just like a cathedral choir?"

"Oh, yes. The boys are all paid as well as educated at the expense of the Temple at the Stationers' School, in Fleet Street. The leading



Photo by W. J. Wright, Grosvenor Studio, Upper Norwood.  
DR. HOPKINS.

boys are paid as much as £20 a year. Some of the men get nearly £100 a year."

"You are the editor, are you not, of the 'Temple Psalter and Hymn Book'?"

"Yes, I am. I have written many chants and hymn tunes, but, apart from purely church music, I cannot claim to have done any composition of importance. I have devoted myself chiefly to my choir."

"There is a belief abroad that on several occasions attempts have been made to decoy you from the Temple."

"All I can say is, I have been far too happy and comfortable here to be induced to move. In fact, I may say I have been almost killed with kindness—nothing but kindness from everyone. I remember when the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait, conferred upon me the degree of Doctor of Music how the Master of the Temple conveyed to me the pleasant surprise in his most kindly way, and at the same time informed me that if I would receive the honour the societies would pay all the fees, and he, Dr. Vaughan himself, would be greatly gratified if I would accept from him the robe and hood as a token of his regard."

"And you still feel quite well and able for your work, Dr. Hopkins?"

"Oh, yes. I have always had good health, and during all these fifty years I have been absent from my post only twice on account of illness."

"I suppose you could give me some anecdotes connected with the Temple Church?"

"Yes, I could many; but I rather think I hear my boys trooping in."

And, indeed, there they were. So with a hearty hand-grasp and a kindly adieu the venerable choirmaster was left the centre of a happy-hearted group of chubby choristers.



## THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

"We stand to-day in presence of the oldest nations of the world, pointing to the great achievements exhibited, and asking no allowance on the score of youth." This sentence, uttered amid enormous enthusiasm by President Cleveland at the opening of the World's Fair, is the

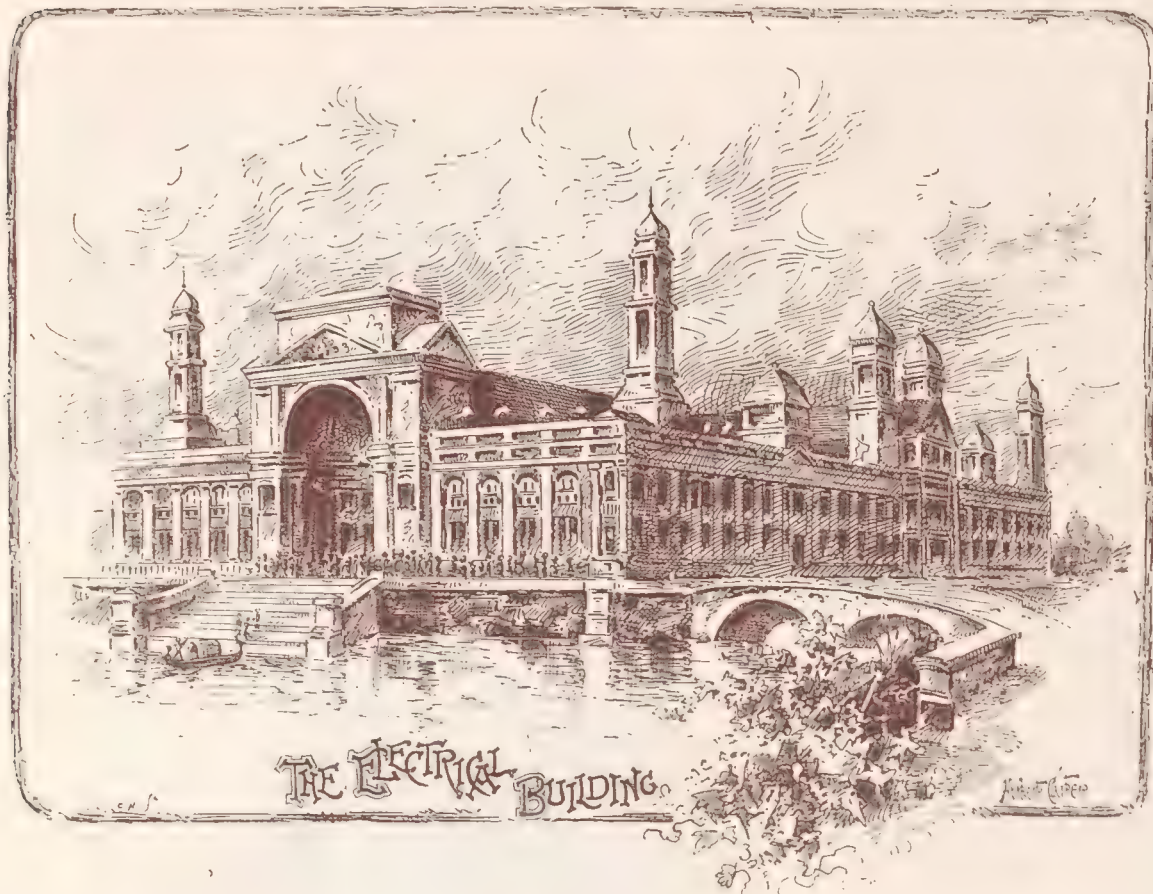
of the mining State of Montana. The ceremonies included the performance of a grand march by Jean Ingeborg von Brassart, of Weimar. Addresses were delivered by the Duchess of Veragua, on behalf of Spain; by the Countess Brazza, on behalf of Italy; by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, on behalf of England; by the Countess of Aberdeen, speaking in the name of Scotland and Ireland; and by the Princess Schaeckoffsky, representing Russia. Lady Aberdeen, in the course of her address, said

she thought they would be able to show that the peasant women of Ireland and Scotland had done much to maintain the national industrial reputation.

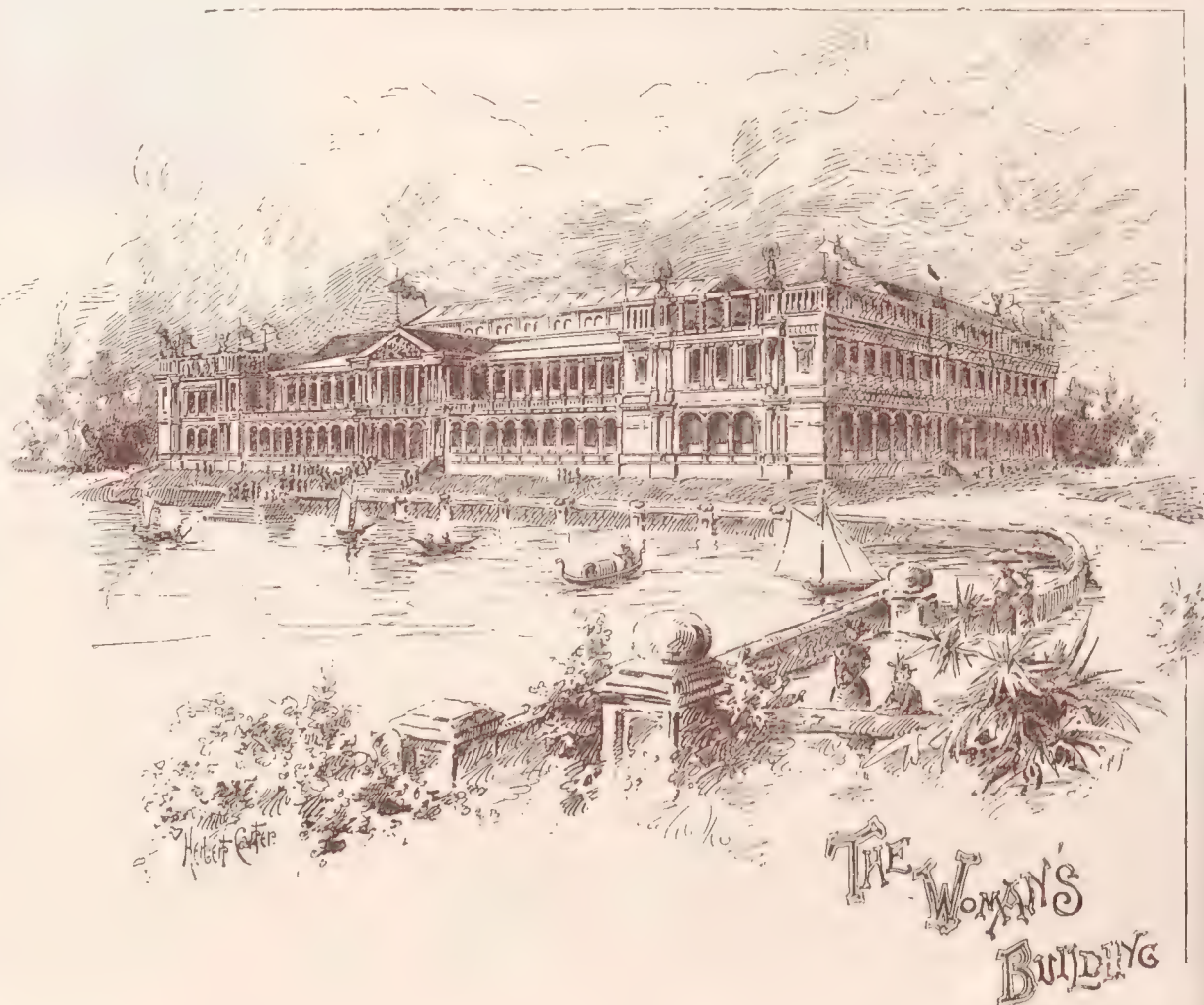
Electricity is another of the most striking elements of human progress. Never before, perhaps, has such a magnificent exhibition of its development been made as at Chicago. The building in which it is housed cost over £80,000, and the department is divided into seventeen groups. Its enormous size may be estimated when it is remembered that the building covers nearly four times the floor space of the Royal Agricultural Hall at Islington. Of the 185,000 square feet available for exhibits, 68,000 has been allotted to foreign countries and the rest to America. Applications were made for nearly five times the space available, which shows the enormous progress made by the electrician. Time was when electricity was known almost exclusively in connection with the telegraph, but that is a very small portion of its applications to-day, for, while an area of 7000 square feet is given up to telephones and telegraphs, electricity as applied to railways gets 20,000 square feet, dynamic, including station work, has 40,000 square feet, and mining electricity has 5000 square feet.

The European edition of the official guide to the Fair has been issued by Reuter's Telegram Company, Limited. It is a very good summary of what is to be seen and how it is to be seen, and the illustrations, nearly sixty in number, are for the most part excellent. As a shilling epitome of the great Exhibition it is altogether an admirable guide to the wonders of the Fair and partly of the North American continent.

keynote of that instinct which has prompted the Exhibition from first to last. The Exhibition in many of its details tells the story of new impulses in the world's history. "We exhibit," said the President proudly, "unparalleled advancement of the wonderful accomplishments of a young nation, and the present triumphs of a vigorous, self-reliant, and independent people." Under no civilisation in the world has woman become so "self-reliant and independent" as in the United States, and thus it is that she has taken a share in the Exhibition to an extent unheard of before in similar lines. At Chicago she has got a building set apart for her art and skill in every department of human energy. It is the "inspiration of woman's genius," in every sense of the word, designed by a woman, Miss Sophia G. Hayden, a Bostonian, managed by women, and decorated in every detail by woman's work. The building covers nearly two acres of ground, and is approached both by land and water. The Queen—herself one of the greatest triumphs of woman's power in these latter days—has sent a number of tapestries from the Windsor factory. The Princess of Wales is represented by an armchair upholstered in embossed leather with her own hands, while her daughters have contributed pieces in carved wood with embossed leather coverings. The dedication of the Woman's Building was, unfortunately, a slightly tedious ceremony. A large gathering assembled, however, to see Mrs. Potter Palmer, the lady president, drive the last nail into the timbers of the building. This nail was quite an elaborate production, composed of gold, silver, and copper, contributed by the women



THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING.



THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.



## MARRIAGE, AND THE REST OF IT.\*

## II.

SCENE: Conservatory at the house of Lady Paddington, in Grosvenor Gardens.

TIME: 11 p.m. Enter from ball-room the Hon. Jack and Mrs. Legion, the honeymoon well over.

ISABEL. Oh, this is delightful! Those rooms were making me feel quite faint.

JACK. We have it all to ourselves here. If you sit down a moment I'll bring you an ice.

ISABEL. (*Following him with her eyes.*) And they say that a husband's attentions never outlive the month! Darling!

(*Settles herself in a cosy corner of Liberty screens and drapery, as a couple enter and stroll among the palms.*)

THE MAN'S VOICE (*warningly*). I saw a skirt behind those green rags over there!

THE WOMAN'S VOICE (*laughing*). Well, what I say the world may overhear. I never talk secrets.

THE MAN'S VOICE. Nor scandal, Mrs. Voluble?

THE WOMAN'S VOICE. Scandal—I! The last woman in London, I assure you! The Lord preserve me from the imputation.

THE MAN'S VOICE. Amen! By-the-way, have you seen the bride?

THE WOMAN'S VOICE. The bride—you mean the little country girl our friend has married? No; I'm dying with curiosity! Have you?

THE MAN'S VOICE. Like you, I look forward. Weren't you astonished? I know Legion had his faults, but I never suspected him of being a marrying man.

THE WOMAN'S VOICE. "Faute de grive, il faut manger un merle."

THE MAN'S VOICE. ? ? ?

THE WOMAN'S VOICE. ! ! !

THE MAN'S VOICE (*distinct again*). You don't mean that?

THE WOMAN'S VOICE. So I was told—I can't swear to the truth of it, of course. People are so malicious; but there's never smoke without fire, is there? In frightful difficulties I heard, and the Grand Prix last year saw the climax. It was either matrimony or the Bankruptcy Court, I understand; and of the two evils—

THE MAN'S VOICE. She had money, then? What were her people about to let her have him?

THE WOMAN'S VOICE. She hasn't any people—nobody but old Lady Cloisters, her grandmother, who appears to have brought her up, *à la Vere Herbert*, at her benighted place in Yorkshire. The girl hadn't even spent a season in town.

THE MAN'S VOICE. And Legion never had a taste for bread-and-butter! I wonder how he came across her?

THE WOMAN'S VOICE. The butter was spread very thickly this time, and of the best quality. Grouse, I believe, were responsible.

THE MAN'S VOICE. And he bagged an heiress *en passant*. Ha! ha!

THE WOMAN'S VOICE. Of course, she must bore him to death. I don't see how they can have two ideas in common. But they say she looks delicate. Perhaps—(*Starts.*) What was that?

THE MAN'S VOICE. It sounded like an animal's moan. May I have the next dance?

THE WOMAN'S VOICE. Really, you'll compromise me!

(*After a few moments they move out of hearing, and the Hon. Jack hurriedly returns.*)

JACK. Sorry to have been such a time, Isabel. I was buttonholed on the staircase by a man I haven't seen for— Good heavens! how white you are. What's the matter?

(*Makes a movement as if to put his arm round her, but she repulses him.*)

ISABEL. Don't be alarmed; I'm not going to faint. (*Mentally.*) "Grouse were responsible, and he bagged an heiress *en passant*!" (*Laughs hysterically.*)

JACK. What on earth has excited you so? Aren't you well, dearest?

ISABEL. (*Ceasing to laugh, and rising with her hand to her brow.*) I am tired—tired. Take me home.

(*He puts her cloak round her, and assists her into the brougham.*)

JACK. (*Gazing at her anxiously as she lies back against the cushions.*) Now, tell me what is wrong; this is more than fatigue. And don't sit so far away.

ISABEL. I heard a sad story to-day, and I can't forget it—that's all. Jack, I want to ask you a question: What would you think of a man who did such a thing as to make a girl love him, and believe he loved her, when all he cared for really was her money? What should you say of him?

JACK. I should say that he was an infernal hound. Of whom are you speaking?

ISABEL. I am very interested in his wife. And if you were in her place, and discovered the truth after the marriage—the shameful, dishonourable truth—what would you do?

JACK. I think I should leave the cad, myself!

ISABEL. But couldn't he *make* her stop? Hasn't he the right?

JACK. In our advanced state of civilisation a husband has no rights, my dear child! But, of course, they'd patch it up; everybody patches everything up to-day, outside the theatre. Violent emotions are out of date. Come, here we are!

(*The carriage stops. He helps her out, and they go indoors together.*)

ISABEL. Didn't you tell me you had made an appointment to-night at your club?

JACK. Yes, but I sha'n't go; it will keep. I don't like leaving you—you are not yourself.

ISABEL. But I had rather you went. I am quite well. Indeed, I had rather you went!

JACK. Well, in that case, of course. (*Laughs.*) But it isn't flattering.

(*He turns towards the door again. She mounts a few stairs slowly; then hesitates, returns, and holds up her face to his.*)

ISABEL. Good night, Jack.

JACK. Why, you dear little goose. (*Kisses her.*) I sha'n't be gone an hour.

(*The hall-door bangs behind him. When he comes back he lets himself in with his latch-key. Isabel's room is empty, and he finds a note lying on the dressing-table.*)

JACK. (*Tearing it open with hands over which he has lost control.*) Gone—Great heaven! (*Ruffles his hair, and paces wildly up and down, thinking aloud.*) She's flown, of course, to Lady Cloisters! Where's the time-table? (*Finds it.*) Damn the time-table! Ah, here we have it—no train till 5.15 a.m. That means she must be at the station now. Where's the brandy? (*Pours out some, half of which he spills in raising it to his mouth.*) I'll follow her and bring her back—I'll follow her if there isn't a haansom obtainable and I have to tramp every inch of the way!

(*Slams hall-door again with a violence that shakes every window in the house, and startles the neighbourhood from its repose.*)

COOK. (*Turning drowsily on pillow.*) Drat it!

PARLOURMAID. That's burglars, Tilly. Keep quiet—we're locked in!

SCENE: Waiting-room at King's Cross. Occupants: The Hon Jack and Mrs. Legion. The former in black and white, very disordered, overcoat, and muffler. The latter in travelling dress and tears.

JACK. (*Through his teeth.*) It was a lie. I wasn't ruined. I never raised a shilling on Scantacres in my life. I never wanted your money. Hang your money! I don't ask you to take my word for it. You can go to your solicitors and make inquiries.

ISABEL. (*In a low tone, advancing.*) Jack!

JACK. You were ready to believe all that that empty-headed, long-tongued, mischief-making beast of a Voluble woman had the audacity to assert, and yet you professed to love and honour me. Bah! (*Pauses, choked with indignation.*) Perhaps you will kindly come home with me, Madam, unless you wish to make us the talk of the town?

ISABEL. Jack!

(*She holds out her hands; he puts his in his overcoat pockets.*)

JACK. I am going. Do you mean to come with me, or not?

ISABEL. (*De novo and agitato.*) Ja-a-ck!

JACK. Are you coming with me, or not? I—Isabel— Oh, dash it all, it's confoundedly weak; but—there, darling, dry your eyes!

F. C. PHILIPS.

## MR. CLIFFORD HARRISON'S RECITALS.

Once more the delightful "Steinway Saturdays" have begun, and with them we renew acquaintance with Mr. Clifford Harrison. It is a little difficult to define his exact position in the world of art, for he is as skilled a pianist as he is talented in elocution. He can relax from the serious and the pathetic—which always affects his audiences in unique fashion—and display a sense of humour as keen as that possessed by Mr. Corney Grain. Mr. Harrison's welcome was very hearty, and the programme rendered by him increased the enthusiasm. He first recited a manuscript poem by his talented sister-in-law, "Lucas Malet," and then, with delicate pianoforte accompaniment, Longfellow's "Norman Baron." A bright and amusing skit by Lewis Carroll, entitled "Hiawatha's Photographing," followed. One of Mr. Clifford Harrison's triumphs was undoubtedly the recital of Carlyle's stirring words, "On Work." He proved once more how far more eloquent than cold type can such a recital be. The whole programme was a harmonious mosaic of musical elocution. On successive Saturday afternoons until July 29 Mr. Clifford Harrison is announced to recite at Steinway Hall.

\* The first of this series appeared in *The Sketch* of April 19.



## A CHAT WITH MR. THOMAS E. COLLCUTT.

The latest "Master-BUILDER" up to date, and one who has also "gone in" for building very high towers, is Mr. Thomas E. Colcutt, the architect of the Imperial Institute.

"What can you tell me, Mr. Colcutt, from an untechnical point of view, to interest the public about the most important architectural achievement of the latest quarter of a century?" said I, as I sat down opposite one of the most genial of men in his study overlooking Bloomsbury Square.

"No, no; you forget the Law Courts, which cost just about three times as much as the Institute," he replied deprecatingly.

"Oh, never mind the Law Courts; they are not an unmixed blessing, in more ways than one. Tell me, please, as I know nothing of architecture, in what style is the Imperial Institute?"

"In the Renaissance; or, rather, the design illustrates the advance which has been made in Renaissance from the Italian period to the present, as it has filtered down through one country to another and from time to time. It is a style which I find gives one quite as much freedom as the Gothic; and I say so, although, of course, I was considerably imbued by the Gothic as an old assistant of Mr. Street."

"There was no restriction as to style in the competition, was there?"

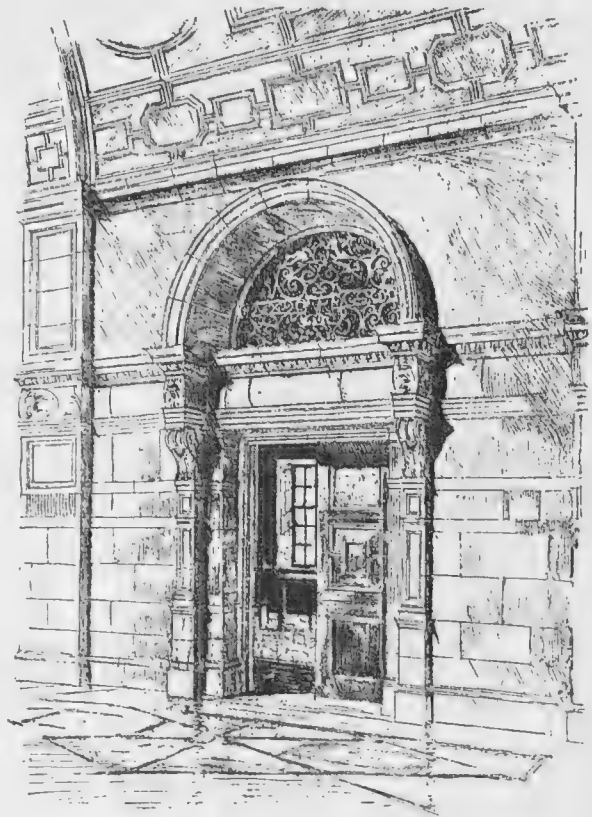
"Oh, no. We were invited to send in specimens of previous work done. I sent in my designs for Wakefield Town Hall. Afterwards the selections were narrowed down to six, and subsequently the final appointment was made."

"Had you not something to do with the English Opera House?"

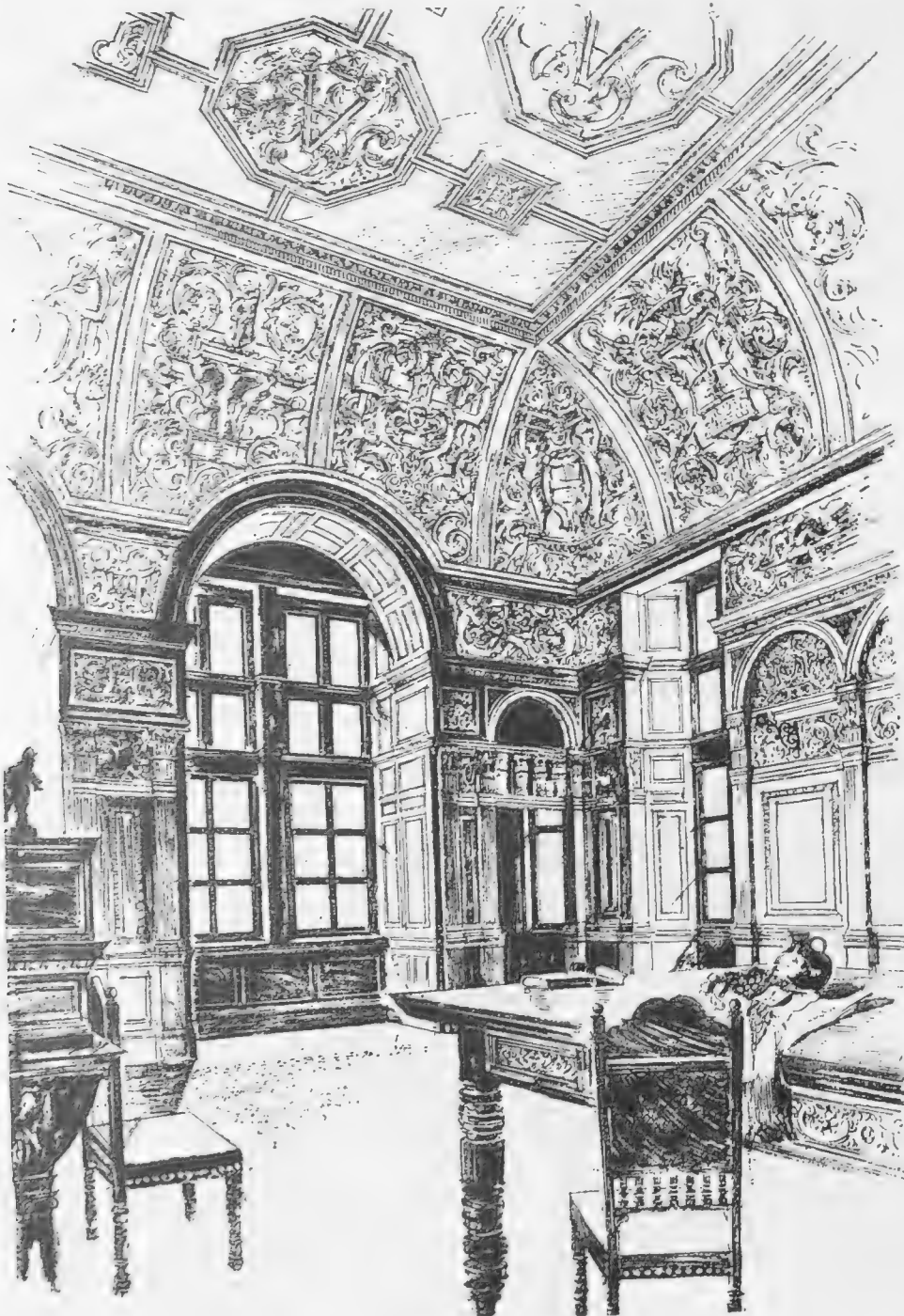
"Well, I am responsible for 'clothing' the outside and inside—namely, the external ornamentation and the internal marble decorative work—but the general design was not mine. The architectural work throughout was designed by me, but the arrangements of plan and the construction are mostly due to Mr. Holloway."

"Have I not heard your name in connection with furniture designing?"

"Very possibly, for I have given much attention in that direction."



DOORWAY IN CORRIDOR.



ONE OF THE COMMITTEE ROOMS.

"Now let us return to the Institute. It is built of Portland stone, is it not?"

"Yes, and the experience of the last 200 years has shown that that stone wears better than any other in London, and it acquires a beautiful grey tint, as you may notice in the cases of St. Paul's and the river front of Somerset House."

"I observe that the Central Tower has been named the Queen's Tower in the Academy catalogue?"

"Yes; and I should not be surprised if the other towers—those used for lifts and storage of water for the hydrants—were not christened the Indian and the Colonial."

"Well, then, how about these smaller ones flanking the Queen's?" I asked, as I examined an elevation of the building.

"How would St. Andrew and St. Patrick do for them?" said Mr. Colcutt, with a pleasant laugh.

"Capitally, I should say. Now, as to Mrs. Millar's gift of the bells, I suppose it is a very handsome one?"

"Certainly; and the tenor bell is of a specially fine tone—it weighs 38 cwt. And although the peal is not the largest in the country, having only ten bells, yet the donor will have the satisfaction of knowing that the peal will be the highest in England—namely, 180 ft. from the ground."

"And is there a clock, Mr. Colcutt?"

"No, no. I purposely drew the plan so that there should be none. Nothing brings down the apparent height of a tower so much as a clock. Look at the Clock Tower at Westminster, for instance. You see, the face has to be very large, so as to be read by day. Do you know that the great clock at Mechlin is somewhere about 80 ft. across?"

"I suppose the building is not nearly finished?"

"Oh, dear, no. Even the Central Hall, where the ceremony on the 10th will take place, is only temporary. The Great Hall, the Grand Library, and the Conference Chamber have still to be built; besides, the internal decoration—the colouring and so on—is not touched as yet, that is, with the exception of the second staircase."

"And I suppose Sir Frederick Leighton will put in some of his beautiful frescoes one of these days?"

"I hope so, indeed. But to finish the building and to decorate the inside properly it will take quite £100,000 more."

"A nice little thank-offering for the Unionists to pay should the country reject the Home Rule Bill. What do you say?" I suggested as I got up to leave.

T. H. L.





SCREENS TO ENTRANCE.

The story of the expansion of England, fascinating as it must ever be, has had far too little hold on the imagination of the mother country. It has seemed too wonderful to be true; what was wanted has been an object-lesson of that Empire which has become such a vast reality during the reign of Queen Victoria. No more fitting symbol of the rule of the Empress of India could be conceived than such an object-lesson as the Imperial Institute, which this day throws open its doors to our "Barons and Councillors, Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas." The Institute is Britain in brief. Here will be found collections representing the important raw materials and manufactured products of the Empire, and even of other countries, so maintained as to illustrate its agricultural, commercial, and industrial progress and the comparative advances made in other countries. It will also help to establish or promote museums, sample rooms, and intelligence offices in London and other parts of the Empire. It will be a bureau to which

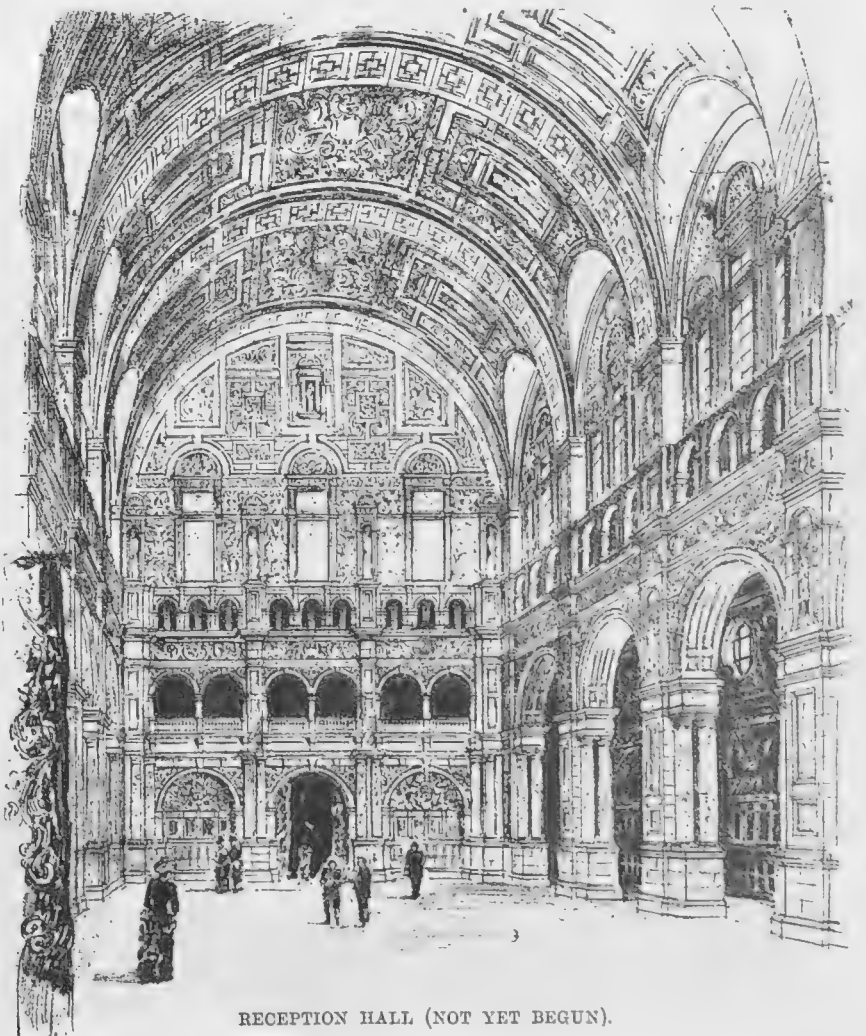
length of the front, the walls being built of Hopton Wood stone, the windows beautifully arched, and the doors artistically carved and moulded. The ceiling is vaulted throughout its entire length, and enriched with arabesque panelling, the floor being finished with marble. Several of the rooms are panelled in various woods from the Colonies, and an effort has been made throughout to employ the products of Greater Britain in the decoration of the building. "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" when the grand staircase and Conference Chamber came into view. It is rich and ornate beyond expression. At the rear of the main buildings are to be found the great galleries for the reception and display of the products of the various colonies and dependencies, and it is



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

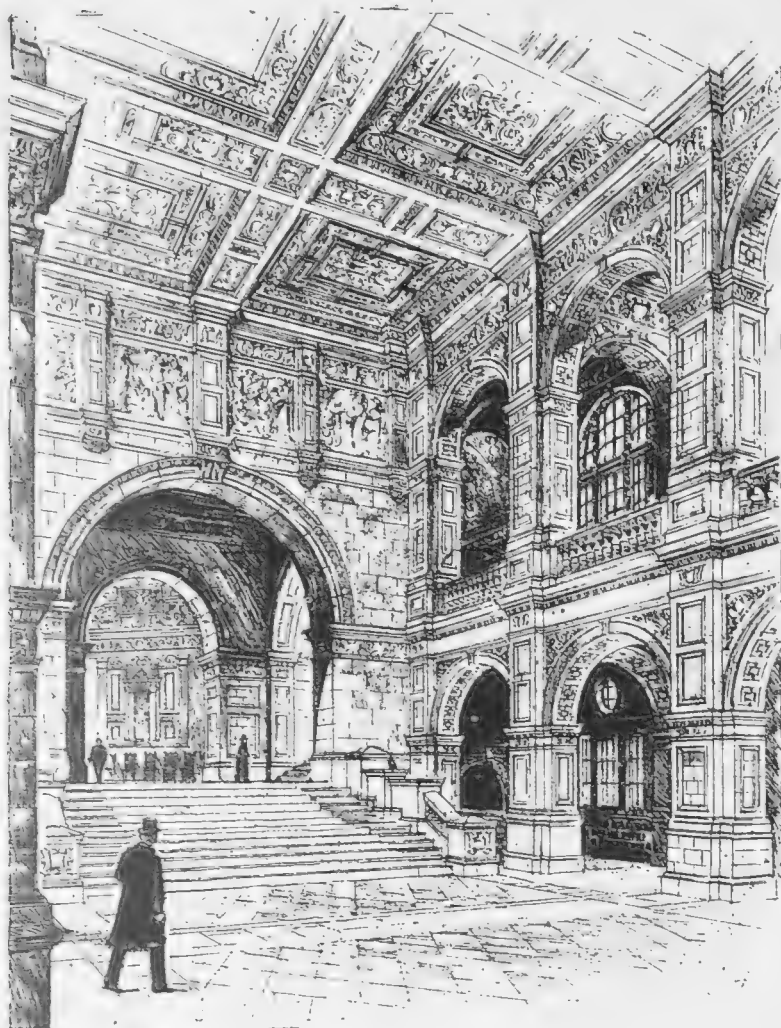
From a recent photograph by Messrs. Russell, Baker Street, W.

the emigrant may turn for information on selecting a future home. It will help to advance trades and handicrafts by exhibitions and promote technical and commercial education. It will further systematic colonisation and facilitate commercial intercourse among the inhabitants of the different parts of the Empire.



RECEPTION HALL (NOT YET BEGUN).





PRINCIPAL STAIRCASE (NOT YET BEGUN).

hoped that the collection will be such as will tell the story of the commerce of her Majesty's dominions. It is also anticipated that these galleries will be utilised for special exhibitions on behalf of the Colonies. It is also intended that the Institute will afford a rendezvous for travellers and visitors from all parts of the world, and for this purpose there have been provided all the attractions and conveniences of a club.

The Institute is equipped with a peal of ten bells, which have been hung in the Queen's Tower, and named after the Princess of Wales. Each bell bears one of the following names—Maud, Victoria, Louise, George, Albert Victor, Arthur, Alfred, Alexandra, Albert Edward, Victoria R.I., 1837-1887. They range in size from 2 ft. 4½ in. (treble) to 4 ft. 11 3-8 in. (tenor), and in weight from 6 cwt. 2 qr. 16 lb. to



Photo by John W. Taylor, jun., Loughborough.

THE PEAL TO BE HUNG IN THE QUEEN'S TOWER.

38 cwt. 1 qr. 15 lb—in all 158 cwt. 3 qr. 11 lb., or nearly eight tons. Each bell bears round its shoulder this old-fashioned legend—

Elizabeth M. Millar gave me;  
The Loughborough Taylors made me.

The last is the name of the founders, Messrs. John Taylor and Co., of Loughborough. The eighth bell, "Alexandra," bears the further inscription: "The peal of which this bell forms one was by special permission of the Princess of Wales named after her Royal Highness."

The programme for to-day's proceedings is an imposing one. The ceremony, a "full state" function, will be attended by all the members of the Royal Family except the Princess of Wales and her daughters. They will drive from Buckingham Palace at eleven o'clock in open state carriages to the Institute. The Queen's carriage will be drawn by six cream-coloured horses, used only for high state ceremonies. In accordance with ancient privilege, the Life Guards take first place in her Majesty's escort, and they will be followed by Indian cavalry.



FRONT VIEW OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## WITHOUT EVIDENCE.

BY E. NESBIT.

In a lonely house two old maiden sisters lived together, unvisited by their neighbours and visiting no one. For many years past they had never been seen to walk abroad, all their exercise being taken in their little strip of garden, a well-cultivated plot of ground closely surrounded by trees. When exactly they had first come to the district none of their neighbours knew, and of their history previous to then no one had the slightest knowledge. People born within the last thirty years could detect no change in the sisters during all that period. Truly, some very old residents here and there remembered them as handsome young women. The younger of them was bordering on eighty; the elder was several years older, and yet she seemed the younger. Her hair was hardly yet white, and her cheeks were rosy—a marked contrast to her sister, who seemed tottering on the verge of the grave.

As servant to these two old ladies there dwelt with them a woman whose age it is difficult to classify. Had her mistresses been younger than she, then Marjory must have been accounted old; for her hair was



*All their exercise being taken in their little strip of garden.*

grey, and her figure that of a woman past her prime. But considering the age of those she served, the servant seemed almost young. She was a silent woman, doing her work for the most part automatically, and never for a moment considering her own comfort. Her face was hard and expressionless, and if she had any passion at all it was her love of cleanliness.

One morning Marjory abruptly entered the room where the younger of the two sisters sat alone over some embroidery work.

"Miss Ethel," said Marjory, "where is Miss Mabel?"

The old lady thus addressed let her work fall from her knees on to the floor, and looked up at Marjory with a terrified face.

"Oh, Marjory, where can she be? Is she not in the garden?"

"She's not in the house, and she's not in the garden," replied Marjory.

Miss Ethel rose from her chair, and moved slowly across the room to where Marjory stood. "Go away, you wicked woman!" she said, feebly striking her and pushing her into the hall. "Go away, you wicked woman, and look for her. Stop! I shall go myself. You are useless and good for nothing."

With these words Miss Ethel threw a shawl over her shoulders, and in a sort of frenzy of fear tottered out of the house in search of her sister, while Marjory stood looking on, as if she neither felt nor heard anything.

Emerging on the high road, Miss Ethel looked helplessly about her. The road stretched away on either hand, but she could see no sign of her sister upon it. Scarcely knowing whither she went, she turned to her right and drifted slowly along the footpath, moving slightly from side to

side in her weakness and agitation. In a very short time, however, her strength was quite gone, and she had to hold on to the railings for support. As she stood thus, with trembling limbs, leaning against the cold iron railing and breathing painfully, she saw in her mind a certain fair, fresh morning in June, some sixty years before, and herself a fair young



*"Go away, you wicked woman!"*

girl, full of life and hope, running through the garden to look for her sister. Suddenly her sister stood before her in all her wonderful beauty, but with a strange band of thought across her brow and a look of infinite trouble in her eyes. They stood by the fountain in the garden, and there and then her sister told her of their disgrace—how that their father had speculated with money that was his in trust, and, having lost it all, had fled from the country. They had nothing now to live upon but the little money that had been left them by their mother. Ethel remembered how much sorrier she had been for Mabel than for herself, for Mabel had a lover, Edward Atheling, to whom she was passionately attached, and Ethel loved no one but her sister. But from that moment all joy seemed to have gone out of their lives. They retired



*Her sister told her of their disgrace.*



to a place where they were utterly unknown, changed their name, and lived a life of the utmost seclusion.

As Miss Ethel thought of these things she heard Marjory's voice behind her.

"Miss Mabel has come back, Miss Ethel, and she's worse than ever. I've locked her in."

Supported by Marjory, Miss Ethel returned to the house and entered the room where her sister was confined.

"Why did you venture out alone, Mabel?" she asked in a voice trembling with weakness.

"Because they have found out everything," exclaimed the rosy-checked old lady, clasping her hands in despair.

"What have they found out?" asked Miss Ethel, with a weary sigh.

"Come close to me and I'll whisper it. Marjory's listening at the keyhole. For Edward Atheling's sake I forged our father's name and ruined him. See, this was how I did it."

Walking over to the table where the writing utensils lay, Miss Mabel picked up a pen, and in trembling letters traced her father's signature.

"I can't believe it," murmured Miss Ethel, with ashen lips. And for the first time she thanked God that her sister was not responsible for what she said.

"That is not all," continued the other, in a still lower whisper. "When our father discovered what I had done he committed suicide,



"Edward and I buried him under the fountain."

and Edward and I buried him under the fountain in the garden. After that I hated Edward Atheling, and have hated him ever since, and shall hate him for ever. I have told you the truth, Ethel, though I'm mad. This was how I signed his name. Now burn the paper, or they'll use it as evidence against me. Where is Marjory? Marjory is not to be trusted. I could tell you something about Marjory, too, but I sha'n't."

As Miss Ethel listened to this tale of horror her face became of such a ghastly hue that even her sister noticed it.

"It is quite true, Ethel," she said, smiling; "but never mention a word of it."

Miss Ethel brooded over what she had heard. Ought she to believe it? Her sister's mind was gone, and yet she might have spoken the truth. But how could she make sure of it? She never could bring herself to revert to the subject again; and, indeed, she ever afterwards avoided her sister's company unless Marjory also was present. But the suspicion that in her madness her sister had spoken the truth took a morbid hold of her mind, and hastened her death.

A few months afterwards it was announced in some mysterious way that the two old maiden ladies had died the previous day. A hearse and one mourning coach formed the funeral cortege, and in the coach alone sat Marjory.



## "ALADDIN" UP TO DATE.

The fairy story is about the only thing in the world that never grows old, and thus it is that Aladdin comes to be the subject of an up-to-date ballet at the Alhambra. The vigour of Mr. Fred Storey alone would be sufficient to rejuvenate almost anything. Mr. Storey's peculiar ability finds more appropriate scope in such a production than the limits of Gaiety burlesque can afford, although those limits are by no means



narrow. A droller artist in the science of legs—for Fred Storey has almost perfected it to a point which is scientific—it would be difficult to find. What can he not do with his legs? His art is not acrobatic, and it is not that of the ballet. It is a mixture of the two with a something in addition of which Mr. Storey is a most amusing master. Mr. Phil May's sketch of him is to the life.

## PHILADELPHIANISM IN PRACTICE.

"Associated homes" were recently referred to in these pages. The scheme may have seemed to many too Utopian for a prosaic world, and yet it is announced that Philadelphia has adopted a "co-operative house-keeping" scheme. A kitchen belonging to one of the experimenters has been rented. Cooking utensils have been loaned by all the persons interested. A manager, an assistant cook, and a boy to deliver the meals have been engaged. The manager is a woman of large experience in domestic economy, and specially trained in cookery. She will make out the bill of fare, do the marketing, and manage the kitchen in all its details. A list of the several viands has been submitted to each household, and returned with those distasteful to the family checked off, so that an alternative dish may be served when the menu for the day includes one unwelcome to any of the co-operators. The hours for meals have been arranged thus: breakfast, 7.30-8 o'clock; dinner, 1-2 o'clock; supper, 6-7.30 o'clock. Bread-and-butter will be kept constantly in each house, supplied, of course, from the kitchen. The only kitchen functions still remaining in these households will be those of dishing up the food on its arrival and of washing the dishes when the meal is over.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## THE ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDER IN ENGLAND.\*

Signor Paulucci di Cabboli, Secretary to the Italian Embassy in London, has penned a most exhaustive work concerning the Italian street musicians in England. The work covers every inch of ground on the subject, from the invention of the hand-organ to the report of the debates in the House of Commons on the laws controlling the proceedings of the organ-grinders in the London streets, and the complete texts of the laws, both Italian and English, bearing upon the theme.

It is well to state at the outset that the sympathies of the writer are not with the class he describes. He either has a personal dislike to the organ-grinder and his music—which is not improbable—or he considers that this form of purveying amusement to the dwellers in the cities of the United Kingdom is a base and degrading occupation for his countrymen. He laments that “the exaggerated reverence for the domicile which prevails in England” prevents the police of that country from assisting in carrying out the provisions of the excellent Italian law against the employment and expatriation of minors. The Italian law is, indeed, a noble and humane document, and it is much to be regretted that, so far, its provisions have remained a dead-letter as regards Great Britain. The reports of the debates on the so-called “Bass’s Bill” are exceedingly amusing to re-read, owing to the wit and readiness of the debaters. The author does full justice to Leech’s sufferings and Babbage’s agonies, and apropos of Bass’s Bill he reprints a comic song, much in vogue in the music halls in 1864, called “The Lament of the Organ-grinder,” of which the following was the chorus—

We fancied Babbage most unkind,  
But Bass he proved unkind.  
Through him ’tis all U.P., we find,  
With the poor organ-grinder.

Before the passing of Bass’s Bill the law permitted the landlord of the house to dismiss the street musician “in case of illness or other sufficient cause.” Bass’s Bill provided that the street musician may be invited by the householder personally or through a servant, or some other person, to leave the vicinity of his abode, if his grinding interrupted study or useful occupation, as well as in case of illness. If he refused, the itinerant musician might be fined not more than forty shillings, or, at the discretion of the magistrate, might be committed to prison for not more than three days. The next mention of the subject in Parliament was on the motion of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, now British Minister at Madrid, dealing with the question concerning Italian children carried away from their homes in defiance of the Italian laws. On this subject a correspondence took place between the Foreign Office and the Italian Legation respecting the introduction and employment in Great Britain of Italian children. Once again it was found that the excellent Italian law on the subject could not be put into effect in England; but much has been done by the action of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Funds to carry out the provisions of this law are urgently required. A subscription list was headed by a patriotic Italian, Signor Ambagio Sperati, with a sum of 40,000 francs. A charitable lady, Signora Ortelli, has also given aid to this noble movement; but more money is wanted, and the author appeals to the patriotism of his countrymen, reminding them how Mazzini and other great Italian exiles were interested in the piteous fate of their poor homeless stolen children. An entire chapter is devoted to the actual condition of the Italian itinerant musicians in Great Britain, with special reference to London. This section is accompanied by plans showing the parts of London most thickly inhabited by the Italian vagrant classes. It is bounded by Holborn, Gray’s Inn Road, Rosebery

Avenue, and Farringdon Road. In this connection the author cites many authorities, including Simonin, “Une Visite aux Quartiers Pauvres de Londres”; Hector France, “Les Va-nu-pieds de Londres”; James Greenwood, first known as “The Amateur Casual”; Charles Booth, in his “Labour and Life of the People”; and a series of articles called “The Destitute Alien in Great Britain,” arranged and edited by Arnold White. The details concerning the wretched life of these poor vagrants given from the last-named book are harrowing in the extreme. Without repeating them, it will suffice to say that in many cases the animals—marmots, monkeys, mice, performing dogs—always share the sleeping apartments—such as they are—of their unhappy human companions in vagrancy. The report issued on the subject by the Charity Organisation Society gives details of the most terrible description. The author himself visited their wretched quarters.

Of late it would seem that the Italian vagabond colony in Great Britain is decreasing in numbers. They are being elbowed out by the Russian and the Pole. The English themselves, too, are taking to organ-grinding; hence the Italians are somewhat abandoning this profession, and keep, instead, to the making of cheap ices, of which they seem to have a sort of monopoly. In winter these same men sell boiled or roasted chestnuts. Another impediment is that organs are growing more expensive, and that the customers of this kind of music demand more tunes than of yore. The “Stella Confidente,” “Garibaldi’s Hymn,” and the “Maria Rcale” are now held indispensable components of the contemporary furniture of a hand-organ, or, as many of them are now called, an automatic piano. In Italy this profession is registered and taxed. In Chicago it was taxed ten dollars a day, which has cleared the town of its members. In London other wandering trades are coming up among Italians, though some have fallen off, like the knife-grinders, who have dwindled to a very small number. Neither are acrobats nor jugglers on the increase. They, as well as the street musicians, have largely migrated to seaside resorts. Fortune-telling is a trade much in vogue, pursued mostly by old women. The profession of artist’s model is becoming overstocked; Italian models, having been driven out of Paris by the *chasse aux Italiens*, have flocked to London. They take less than half the wages paid to English models. The women’s beauty goes off so soon

that they are not of much use, but old men with good beards are highly esteemed.

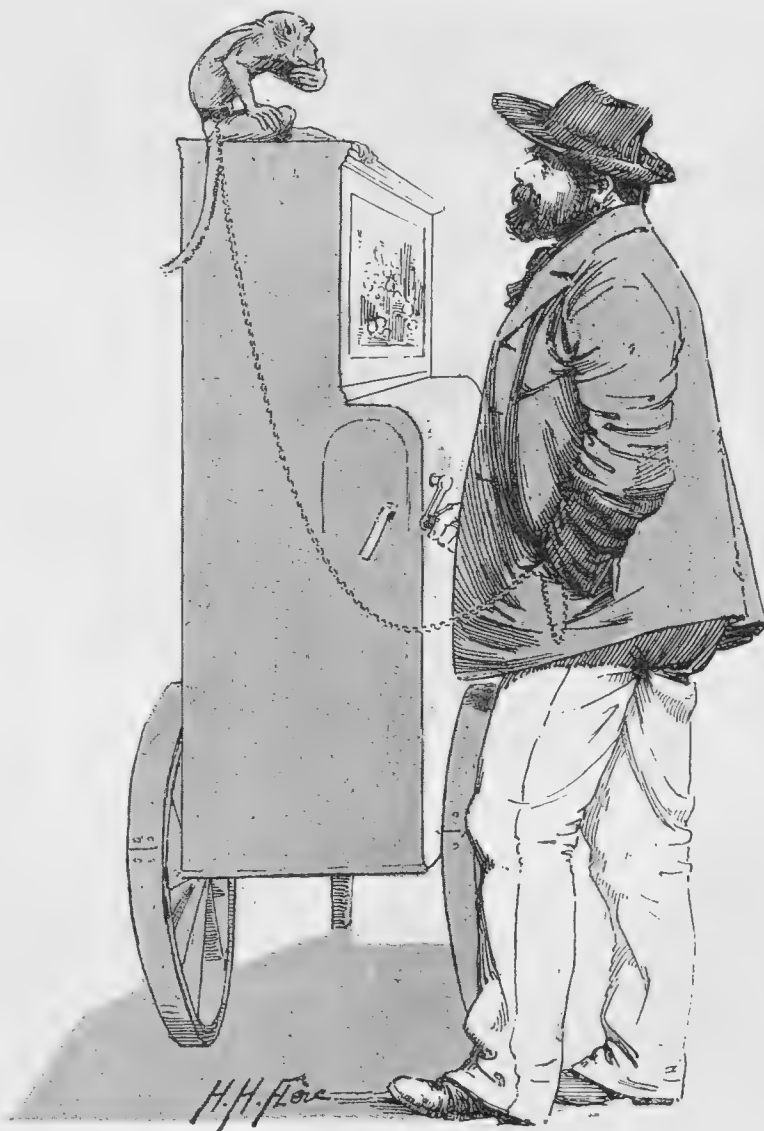
The book ends with a chapter devoted to statistics which show how many Italian organ-grinders there are in Great Britain now, distributed throughout the country. So thorough is Signor di Cabboli’s book that he has not even overlooked the organ-grinder in English literature and poetry. Commencing with Kirke White’s tender little poem of “The Savoyard’s Return,” and the excellent parody of George Canning’s celebrated Sapphic ode called “The Friend of Tranquillity,” he quotes at length and does full justice to C. S. Calverley’s inimitable organ-grinder, in which Juvenal’s irony is happily coupled with Horatian ease of melody. Certainly, our author, who personally pities the miseries endured by his countrymen in an alien land, and desires ardently to ameliorate their condition, does not himself echo or cause us to echo the closing stanzas—

I have heard mankind abuse thee;  
And perhaps it’s rather strange,  
But I thought that I would choose thee  
For ecumium as a change.

It is much to be hoped that this thoughtful, careful work will help to improve the English law on the subject of destitute aliens, and especially of alien children, and that subscriptions will flow yet more freely into the coffers of the Society for the Protection of Children, for it is the little ones who suffer most, the little ones who have most need of the protection of the law.

H. Z.

\* “I Girovagli Italiani in Inghilterra ed i Suonatori Ambulanti,” per R. Paulucci di Cabboli. Città di Castello: Lapi, 1893.





## THE MAY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

Harper's  
Monthly  
Magazine.

Of course, the World's Fair is noticed and illustrated. That we must expect in nearly all magazines, especially American. This time Chicago is called "A Dream City." It would be almost worth while collecting the titles it will receive in the next few months! Mr. Charles

Eliot Norton gives us a moderately interesting paper on James Russell Lowell, without, however, adding much to our knowledge of the critic. Mrs. Cameron's portrait of him is not improved by engraving. Mr. Andrew Lang comments wittily and wisely on "Love's Labour Lost," which he declares "ought to form part of compulsory education in schools, colleges, and newspaper offices." The frontispiece to the magazine is a good drawing by Howard Pyle. That great man—in his own estimation, at least—M. de Blowitz, writes on "The French Scare of 1875" in his usual interesting fashion. The article on the late

Linton gives a painful sketch illustrative of gambling in society. Lady Knutsford writes pleasantly of her distinguished uncle, Lord Macaulay. The Marquis of Lorne is the author of a few lines of poetry with "A Grave in London" for its theme. The best illustrations of their kind are those accompanying Mr. Edward Clifford's account of the Church Army Labour Homes. The worst are those interspersed with Mr. Buchanan's story.

Magazine  
of Art.

Commencing with an excellent photogravure of Mr. Gow's picture, "A Loyal Bird," there is a varied assortment of good illustrations. Mr. Britten is happily inspired by Mr. Swinburne's Carol for May, and the fourth article on Mr. Tate's collection has further reproductions of pictures which will hang in the National Gallery of British Art. Mr. A. T. Story describes a collection made within the last eighteen years by one who "takes pride in telling how he began his career in connection with the firm of which he is now the head at the small salary of six shillings a week." The home of Wilhelm Hasemann in the Black Forest is pleasantly described by Mary E. Bowles, and there is a very pretty reproduction of his picture entitled "Devotion." I must not omit to mention Mr. Wedmore's "appreciation" of British Etching, with examples of good work by W. Strang and others.

A most interesting article on Whittier, from the pen of Mrs. Isabella Fyvie

Atalanta.

Mayo, shows a thorough acquaintance with the writings of the Quaker poet. Fiction overloads the number, for, in addition to R. L. Stevenson's "David Balfour," there are serials by Mrs. Meade and Mrs. Parr and a story by A. Hammond. I wish Mrs. Meade would not so often allude to creature comforts: coffee, cream, toast, cakes, soup, and a "festive dinner" all figure this month. Mrs. Parr also writes on the fascinating Fan. Atalanta is, apparently, relying less on illustrations than on literary contents, although the poem entitled "The Life-Lamp," by E. Nesbit and O. Barron, is accompanied by three drawings. Mrs. Molesworth discusses wisely "The Art of Writing Fiction for Children," and the subject of "Gardening for Girls" is treated by H. R. Vernon.

Century

Magazine.

"At the Fair" leads off the contents, and is illustrated by some good pictures by A. Castaigne, showing the chief Chicago buildings under certain atmospheric effects. One naturally turns quickly to read the late J. A. Symonds' "Recollections of Lord Tennyson," which exhibit an unusual memory for detailed conversation. Salvini's autobiography is not very remarkable for interest. There is a fine example of engraving by H. Davidson which will repay study. Some slight "Relics of Artemus Ward" are new. Mr. R. W. Gilder gives us a poem on the inevitable Chicago, under the title of "The White City."

Scribner's

Magazine.

A very fine "Exhibition Number," which is thoroughly worthy of the eulogy pronounced upon it by its editor. The literary contents include contributions from Bret Harte, Walter Besant, Thomas Hardy, R. L. Stevenson (a pretty poem), Henry James, Francisque Sarcey, and others. But the illustrations are especially delightful. Look at Elbridge Kingsley's engraving from nature entitled "A Quiet Spot," or Robert Blum's dainty Japanese sketches, and I think you will acknowledge both the sense of beauty possessed by the artists and the skill of the engraver. Then forget not—if you have the slightest suspicion of printer's ink in your blood—to read Mr. Howells' racy account of the struggles of a country newspaper. He says: "I remember that when I began to write a certain story of mine I told Mark Twain, who was once a printer, that I was going to make the hero a printer, and he said, 'Better not. People will not understand him. Printing is something every village has in it; but it is always a sort of mystery, and the reader does not like to be perplexed by something that he thinks he knows about.'"

St. Nicholas.

This month we have some excellent illustrations—*vide* "A May Morning in Venice" and "The World's Fair Palaces." A rather striking picture is one which shows salmon-spearing at night. There are plenty of interesting stories, even the serious Poultney Bigelow relaxing so far as to give "The Story of Monkey Moke." The frontispiece, full of action and spirited work, is by R. B. Birch. The engravings are good throughout, and show how advanced this art is in America. A very clever headpiece to a fairy story, "The Magic Glasses," is drawn by Miss Laura C. Hills. The editor, Mary Mapes Dodge, certainly provides good bills of fare for her young readers, and the humorous taste is not neglected.

X.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

FROM "THE WORLD'S FAIR PALACES" IN THE MAY "ST. NICHOLAS."

Bishop Phillips Brooks is too much of a panegyric. I should better appreciate a critical estimate of such a gifted genius.

Art  
Journal.

As a record of current art the magazine this month bears the palm. There is an account of Meissonier, with some original studies by him apropos of the exhibition at Tooth's; a capital article on the Grafton Galleries, with six reproductions of pictures therein; a biography of Mr. Joseph Farquharson, and a critique on the Royal Scottish Academy. Mr. Lewis F. Day (who, by-the-way, might have corrected some misprints) describes the artistic home of Mr. Ionides, the Greek Consul-General; the article only lacks the "personal" note to make it complete. Four illustrated pages deal with the inevitable Chicago Exhibition, and the Notes are as interesting.

English  
Illustrated  
Magazine.

A great improvement in the illustrations, which are mostly "process" work, is one thing to notice this month. The literary matter is not very remarkable. Mr. Harry Quilter—always readable, if not always reliable—gives us his views on the making and the makers of the Royal Academy. Mr. Rudyard Kipling sings of the English in a long poem, which is only partially intelligible. Mrs. Lynn



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE RENDEZVOUS.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



PROLOGUE.—The Garden-destroying Pet is an institution sedulously protected by the laws—or, at any rate, the magistrates—of this country. There was a knowing cat owner who decided to make a good thing out of this fact. Her neighbour Jones cultivated tulips, and loved his garden. So she carefully trained her pussy to scratch up, and shoved him the way over the fence.



J. F.  
LULLIVAN

ACT I.—The maddened Jones, after enduring the wrecking of his garden for three years, summoned the cat owner for the damage. A brilliant County-Court judge awarded him 5s. as a solace then poor Jones up and slew that pet. THIS was the cat owner's coveted opportunity—the end and aim of her plans. She summoned Jones for £20, sentimental value of her pet; and the brilliant judge gave it to her, and lectured Jones about taking the law into his own hands.

ACT II.—Then the cat owner called upon poor Jones. She said, "I have a large room full of other pets at £20 each. Perhaps you would prefer to compound, and pay me £500 down for the lot?" "I can't!" shrieked poor Jones, "I haven't such a sum!" "Then," said the pet owner decisively, "you've no right to stay here and spoil my business; you had better move, and make way for a neighbour who CAN pay." And as Jones saw that she had the law on her side he moved.

PETS: A LUCRATIVE INVESTMENT.





" Ah ! my little man, you evidently know the precept, ' Cleanliness comes next to godliness.' "

" Yes, Sir ; I don't git nothink for washing, and mother says as parsons' business pays well."



"Oh! how sweet it is to breathe again the balmy air of the country, after the gaieties and frivolities of town."





"I tell you what it is coming to, Sir; if the people only get their rights, it will be as heavy to destroy the harrystocracy as it would be for me with one cut of this 'ere razor to——"

(He never completed his sentence.)



Ah, me ! when shall I marry me ?  
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.  
He, fond youth, that could carry me,  
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.





A DUAL RÔLE.

SHE : " Did you hear that Roberts left India last week ? "

HE : " Just shows you how fast they travel nowadays. I saw him playing at the Gaiety last night. "

SHE : " General Roberts, *I* mean. "

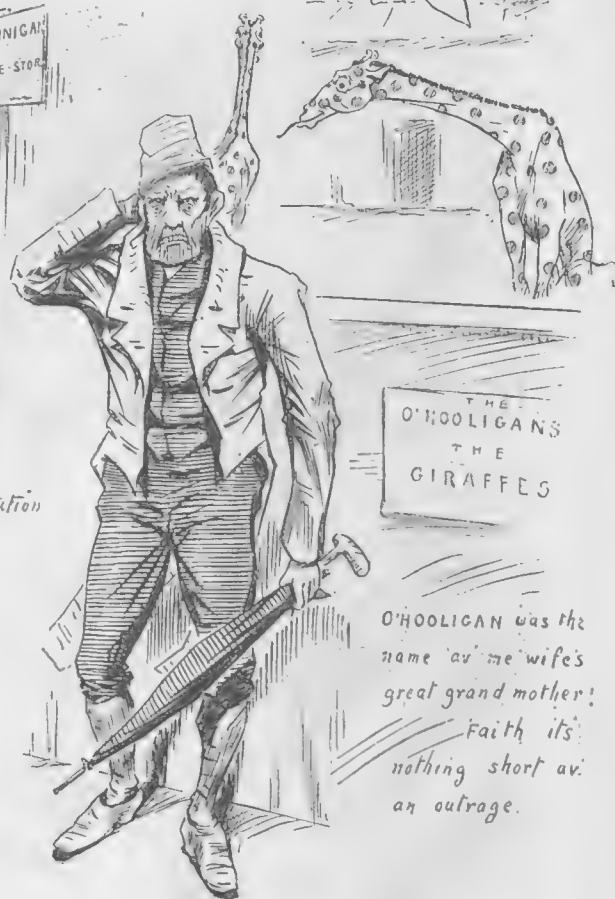
# What's in a Name



*Sure, on its a shame to call a dirty animal like that an elegant Oirish name!*



*and an insult to the Oirish Constitution to name such a skeleton O'Flinnigan!*



*O'HOOOLIGAN was the name av me wife's great grand mother! Faith its nothing short av an outrage.*



*But when it comes to calling the blinking Baboons afther meself —*



*Begorra I should have kilt 'em intirely if they hadnt inadvertantly sat on me.*

StarrWood 93



## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Great is the power of the Grand Old Man. Mr. Gladstone is verging on eighty-four, and he began politics at twenty-one, yet to-day he stands without rival in all the more delicate arts of Parliamentary speech and tactics. Take his action on the Miners' Eight-Hours Bill. For the last year or so he has been carrying on a curiously characteristic course of dialectics over the miners' question. For a man whose first interest has never been in industrial problems he has conducted the controversy with extraordinary skill, and with that sympathy of temper which marks him out even from men who are more advanced in opinion than he. Another instance of this flexibility of mind and sympathy of temper has been witnessed over the second reading of the Miners' Eight-Hours Bill. It was generally thought that Mr. Gladstone would abstain, but the old man wisely saw that the matter had gone too far for a merely negative attitude, so he came down to the House quite early in the afternoon, when nobody expected him to speak, and delivered a gently balanced, charmingly conceived speech, which was more in the nature of a conversation than a deliberate effort of oratory. Yet it completely achieved its purpose. It turned the majority in favour of the Bill—for, in any case, it would have been carried—from a small to a large one; it delighted the miners not so much by its doctrine, which is displeasing to them, as by its tone. And it has probably averted a disruption of the Liberal party. The nature of the intervention, the style of it, the temper of it, all greatly impressed the House. I was interested to note Lord Randolph's sweeping compliment to the old man, and how his own speech, more closely argued, more uncompromising and completely democratic than the Premier's, failed to produce anything like its intellectual impression; for it is Mr. Gladstone's personality which carries weight far more than his words. In his extreme old age he is at the very summit of his moral and personal influence. There is a certain mellowing atmosphere about him which was not conspicuous at the time when his immense head, now crowned by thin grey hairs, was a mass of waving black locks, which now and then would be fiercely tossed from the broad brow.

## AS PEACEMAKER.

Of equal significance was Mr. Gladstone's intervention in the debate on Mr. Havelock Wilson's motion for adjournment over the Hull dispute. I have often referred to Mr. Asquith as the coming leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. But Mr. Asquith has the faults of his profession. His intellectuality, his clear, strong judgment, his wonderful grip of facts are balanced by a certain hardness of mould which forbids one to regard him as a perfect democratic statesman. His reply to Mr. Havelock Wilson was very much too official in tone and too scanty in material. It was just one of the adroit little stereotyped answers which Mr. Matthews would throw off by the half-dozen, and, of course, gravely dissatisfied the Labour men, putting a fresh note of vibrant passion into Mr. Burns's voice and into Mr. Keir Hardie's vitriolic anti-Liberalism. Mr. Mundella, whose Parliamentary innocence is not so great as it seems to be, did not make matters much better. In a vigorous little speech Mr. Lockwood pressed the Government for decisive answers on the points raised by the Labour men, a demand which obviously disconcerted the Ministerial forces. Mr. Gladstone, who had been absent during the latter part of the debate, only caught the closing phases of it; but in a wonderful little speech of five minutes he grasped every point, soothed every angry feeling, and gave the first really comprehensive expression of sympathy with the strikers that has come from the Treasury bench. Every word was the right one, every sentiment was the one which his own side was anxious to hear from him; yet it was delivered by a man who, in some respects, at all events, is as Conservative as any member of the House.

## RANDOLPH THE RADICAL.

Lord Randolph's speech on the Eight-Hours Bill was, perhaps, the most Radical utterance he has ever made from the floor of the House. The matter was extremely good, the doctrine very bold, and the peroration a powerful piece of progressive statesmanship, which seemed literally, as well as figuratively, to knock the wind out of Mr. Balfour's slim body. But it was almost spoiled by the change which has come over Lord Randolph's physique and personality. He was always a very rapid and not over careful speaker, but he had a fine vibrato voice, and, if he lisped a little and slurred his points a little, he was usually clear enough for all practical purposes. Now every kind of distinction has gone out of his delivery. His emphasis is often wrong, the tone either too harsh or too soft, the sentences are poured out in a vast flood of vocables, and the lisp is more pronounced than ever. Yet, irritating as Lord Randolph's manner has become, there is no sign of intellectual falling-off. A statesman he still is, with all his over-astuteness and his occasional habit of rather maundering dulness, his want of steadiness of view. He sees further—one would almost say feels deeper—than any other man in the House. Mr. Balfour is a mere tyro compared with him, and there is not a man on either Liberal or Conservative benches who has anything like his instinct for the demands and needs of the hour. Why, one asks in despair, has not this man done more than he has actually accomplished? Why has he always taken his hand from the plough at the moment when he seemed to have the firmest grip? These are riddles of the Sphinx, and they make one melancholy to ask them.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Wednesday's big majority of seventy-eight in favour of a second reading for the Miners' Eight-Hours Bill—279 for it to 201 against—was certainly the event of this last week in Parliament. How the opinion of the House of Commons shifts may be seen from the fact that last year the same proposal was rejected by a majority of more than a hundred. The result this year was, in its way, a sort of personal victory for Mr. John Burns, who had announced before the debate that his promises of support amounted to 280—an approximation to the actual numbers which would be a credit to any official whip. The division was not a party one, Mr. Gladstone leaving the matter open, though he himself voted for the Bill. Naturally, the Government, as such, had no other course than to be neutral. Mr. John Morley could not vote for the measure, and the Irish policy can't get on without him. However, with the Tory Democrats supporting the Bill, it ceased to become a party one in any case. But that can't go on for ever, and one day there will be difficulties for Mr. Morley with the Liberals and Lord Randolph with the Conservative party.

## BIDDING FOR LABOUR.

In fact, what strikes me about the whole affair is that on both sides the interest lay mostly in the future. Mark the situation. Mr. Gladstone votes for the second reading. Very well. But he announces plainly that he won't vote for the third reading, unless—what? Unless the Bill is modified just to that extent which the regular advocates and opponents of the Bill alike have rejected—the Local Option Amendment. "No coercion," says Mr. Gladstone; and he is quite right. But if it wasn't for the coercion the Bill would not be wanted. The fact is Mr. Gladstone knows he will never have to bother about that amendment. There is not the least chance of the third reading coming on yet. Meanwhile, the Prime Minister has been sympathetic to Labour and stopped its mouth for the present.

## FUTURE LEADERS.

The only difference in this respect between Mr. Gladstone and Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Randolph Churchill is that, while Mr. Gladstone is not likely to see the end of this dispute, the latter two will probably have to take a leading part in it. The Conservatives mostly do not agree with Lord Randolph Churchill in his support of a compulsory Bill of this sort; but Lord Randolph has never bowed the knee to the majority of Conservatives. He will take his own line, and they can follow it if they dare. One thing certain is that he does not mean to be cut out by Sir Charles Dilke in the suffrages of the Tory-inclined working men, as far as the demonstration of a strong sympathy for labour legislation can manage it. When Lord Randolph takes a line of this sort he takes it with a will, and that was what he did on Wednesday. Lord Randolph knows very well what he is doing. If he is going to be the leader of the Tory party after Home Rule is cleared away, he knows he can rely upon the Conservatives for what they agree with him upon. It will do him no harm to have a party of his own also. And in boldly adopting one side in purely experimental legislation like this, he is, perhaps, only taking the right course for the latter-day House of Commons statesman. Mr. Gladstone, for instance, would never do for his party if he were not indispensable. If he were a younger and less influential man, his continual "sitting on the fence" would be fatal.

## SIR CHARLES DILKE.

Sir Charles Dilke, who, no doubt, hopes to become the official leader of the Radical Labour party, has one disadvantage compared with Lord Randolph. He is exceedingly dull as a speaker. He had two opportunities of showing off this quality, one in his speech on the Miners' Bill, the other in his elaborate argument, earlier in the week, as to the evacuation of Egypt. Speaking about the miners, Sir Charles devoted himself to answering objections in detail, whereas Lord Randolph had mainly defended the principle. Sir Charles Dilke probably knows a good deal more about the miners than Lord Randolph Churchill, but just now all the interest is on the side of the developing Tory, not on that of the cut-and-dried Radical expert. As for the speech on Egypt, it was dull as ditch-water. Really, nobody but Mr. Labouchere should be allowed to challenge the Government on this subject. It is almost his preserve by this time, and nobody has any excuse for trespassing unless he can make himself at least as amusing as the proprietor of *Truth*.

## PARTY GOVERNMENT AGAIN!

Omitting minor discussions on the Budget in the House of Commons, and more important legislative work in the House of Lords, such as the Indian Armies Bill, I must say a word on Sir Charles Dilke's motion as to the appointment of the county magistrates. Sir Charles has occupied a good deal of my space this week, but that is because he has been so very busy. On Friday he dropped the Foreign Affairs expert and the Labour leader, and became the Radical party politician *pur sang*. I wonder where this jobbery in the magistracy is to stop! Mr. Bryce and Lord Herschell have been hard at it with the boroughs and Lancashire, and now the Radicals mean, if they can, to get their party nominees at all costs into the county magistracies too. It is very stupid, this attempt to do away with the influence of the Lords-Lieutenant. The Lord Chancellor must be advised by somebody as to the appointments, and if the magistracy is to be continued at all in the hands of the leisured county gentlemen, the social influence which gives them half their authority will best be gauged by the Lord-Lieutenant, besides the fact that magistrates prefer to be nominated by him.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Driving through the streets of London in a suburban hansom, which, by great good fortune, was equal to outstripping the average omnibus, my attention was arrested by the fact that the table of fares and rates was unusual in appearance, and gradually it dawned upon me that someone had screwed it on reversed, so that for an old lady to calculate her proper fare therefrom would have required her to stand on her head on the floor of the hansom—a thing that would occur to the mind of few old ladies.

And I wondered who had done this—whether some illiterate workman making or mending, or the cabman himself, with some subtler instinct of fraud. Though *how* fraud, I cannot altogether imagine; for, after all, most persons know how much one pays per mile within and without the radius. What is hard to tell is the distance between points, the point where the circumference that pertains to the radius cuts any particular main thoroughfare, the average pace of the cab, and the degree in which one cab differs from another, together with other matters, all pertinent to the great fare question and hard to remember.

Did the cabman with the reversed table seek to make it profitable to himself, like the mythical Irishman who reversed his meter and sued the gas company for the price of sundry thousands of feet? Or did he only use its obscurity to create a profitable confusion in the minds of old ladies, clergymen, and other persons ready to be fleeced? I shall never know; for, being bound to Waterloo Station, and having but a quarter of an hour to find my train, I resolved to avoid dispute, and, having carefully calculated the exact legal fare to the best of my ability, gave sixpence more.

There is safety in sixpence. The exact fare arouses grumbling, nay, even profanity—somewhat excusable this when the drive leads into wild regions at late hours and leaves small hopes of a return fare. Again, the over-lavishness of the extra shilling gives rise to a presumption in the mind of the driver of his passenger's ignorance or imbecility, and begets greed and a desire to extort still further. But the moderate largesse of the supererogatory sixpence implies a generosity which yet knows the limits of justice.

I incline to believe that from King's Cross to the Strand is just within the statutory shilling, but so small is the margin, if any, that I have never ventured to tempt fate by tendering that amount to a hansom cabman. I should prefer to try it first on the guardian of a four-wheeler, as a less aristocratic person. Besides, generosity is the wisest plan when the margin is so slight that the commonest event of daily life—such as Chancery Lane being “up”—might expand the two miles into a legal three.

Speaking of vehicles, has the attention of our municipal rulers ever been called to the deadliest danger of our choked thoroughfares—the covered cart, wagon, or van? It looks a harmless machine enough, jogging on at a heavy trot or a tranquil walk, with the driver half-asleep in the cavernous depths of his tilt. What peril lies in this peaceful, nay, pastoral, vehicle? Yet is the covered cart the cause in any London week-day of as much swearing as would have stocked a dozen General Councils in the good old days when he who split his theological hair on the wrong side of the middle line was many different sorts of an anathema all at once.

Do but drive in a hansom, and let a covered van be ahead of you, or, better still, on your port bow, and you may learn to understand and be profane yourself also. For the driver of the van, seeing you not, hearing you not, knowing only the picture framed by the roof and sides of his covered vehicle, will behave with all the ingenious malignity characteristic of inanimate objects. No Inquisition ever equalled the torturing power of sheer ignorance and insensibility. Your hansom strives to pass the wagon, and inevitably the blind fiend under the tilt swerves into the middle of the road, and all but crushes your lighter vehicle against a “refuge” or omnibus. If you draw back and make for the left, he swings down on you as inexorably, and you barely escape by grating against the kerb.

Finally, your driver, in despair, after having admonished the wagoner—but vainly—by cracking his whip against the tilt, settles down to a despairing procession behind his enemy, exchanging courtesies with the inevitable boy in the rear of the wagon. This boy apparently exists only to jeer; he never by any chance communicates with the driver of wagon or van.

“If I were Lieutenant of Police,” pathetically remarked King Louis XV., “I would prohibit the Paris *cabriolets*.” Similarly, if I were head of the London police, and of the County Council, and Corporation also, I would proscribe the covered cart and all vehicles whereof the driver cannot at times emulate the gifted Bellamy by “Looking Backward.” For the victims of the covered van would, I am convinced, put to shame the tale of sacrifices claimed by the car of Juggernaut.

Which, by-the-way, would be easy to do. For the slaughter of the car is a myth. The god whose name we barbarise into Juggernaut is mild and gentle, and does not delight in human sacrifice. If he goes out for an airing in a ponderous car, it is with no more murderous intent than any allegorical figure of our Lord Mayor's Day; and, though at times a fanatical devotee or some crippled beggar, weary of life, might wish to end his days by a sacred suicide, the priests never favoured such uncongenial offerings. Also, at times, the crowd that drew or escorted the car might crush one another or be pushed under the moving wheels. But over-crowding is no merely heathen characteristic; we have seen it but the other day, when the Americans opened their Exhibition, because at last it was not nearly ready, and proved by some ugly accidents on the opening day that Chicago does not know how to pack her people so well as her pork.

Also, as we are told, the descendant of Columbus was nearly crushed to death by the pressure of the spectators. It is not always safer to be a great man's descendant than a great man. Columbus suffered less from ingratitude than his representative from grateful curiosity. The former was sent home in chains; the latter might have been sent home in pieces.

And the precious ashes of the great explorer were nearly stolen also; and some critics have mourned over the sacrilegious temper of the average American. But I think the significance of the act has been wholly misunderstood by foreign critics. The attempt to steal the mortal remains of Columbus is rather to be regarded as a process of naturalisation, enrolling him among the greatest and best citizens of the United States—I mean the American millionaires.

Never does a really wealthy American—one owning anything over fifty millions of dollars—die without some plot being formed—at least, in the newspapers—to steal his body and hold it to ransom; so that a millionaire's tomb is something like a modern fort with a Safe Deposit vault inside, guarded by Pinkerton detectives with Gatling guns, and crowned by a search-light—like other places where much money has been buried.

Thus we may take the attempted theft of Christopher's ashes as ratifying his admission into the circle of Columbia's noblest, proving that though not a millionaire he deserved to be one, and that his failure to make countless dollars by “watering stock,” by a “boom,” or “ring,” or “corner,” was due rather to the imperfect civilisation of his age than to his own mental or moral deficiencies.

And I am afraid Columbus *was* not only one of the greatest, but—at times—one of the meanest of mankind. He is suspected of having deprived the sailor who first saw land of his glory, and even of his pecuniary reward. He formed and abandoned wild theories with a readiness and maintained them with an obstinacy that explain many of his difficulties, and, when on his death-bed, he charged his son to pay certain sums anonymously to certain merchants at Lisbon—sums which were, almost beyond question, his own old debts, contracted when he was a trader at Lisbon himself. Which was snobbish, to say the least.

Then, again, he was not above boasting vaguely of his illustrious lineage, hinting to the son who chronicled his life—an illegitimate son, by-the-way—that he was not the first admiral of his family. Whereas the only admirals bearing the name of Colombo in Italian history turn out to have been two Gascon brothers, really called Coulon, and no kin to the great Genoese.

Still, he was a great man, and he discovered the New World; and the New World discovered the New Humour (or that of which it is an imitation) and the New Journalism, and many other new things. Therefore, all honour to Columbus, and let only one loftier pedestal be kept for a greater man than he—the man who shall lose America for us, as Columbus found it.

MARMITON.



## NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

*A Matinée  
Musical.*

To sandwich dramatic scenes between the items of a *matinée musicale* is an admirable innovation, partly responsible for the success of the Comtesse de Castelvechio's concert, given on Wednesday afternoon at 56, Prince's Gate, where Lady Samuelson's pretty pink-and-white flower-boxes anticipated the cordial welcome she gave to the clever reciter's



Photo by Windoto and Grove, Baker Street, W.  
LA COMTESSE DE CASTELVECCHIO.

friends. In the scene from "The Double Rose" Madame de Castelvechio gave an excellent impersonation of the unfortunate Elizabeth Woodville. The moment selected was that in which the Abbot of Westminster breaks the news of the murder of the Princes in the Tower to the Queen. Mr. Frank Westerton distinguished himself beneath the Abbot's cowl, and both players subsequently reappeared in an excerpt from "The Hunchback." The musical portion of the programme was ably interpreted by Countess Van den Henvel (best heard in a serenade by Massenet), Signor Tito Mattei, Madame Sandon, and Mdlle. de Castelvechio, who discoursed sweet music on the mandoline.

At the Portman Rooms, Miss Gertrude Aylward and Miss Grace Vereker gave a concert, in which they had the assistance of various singers, of whom, perhaps, Mr. Braxton Smith was the most satisfactory. Miss Gertrude Aylward has a good voice, but still needs to learn how to produce it; her inspirations require management. Miss Grace Vereker essayed that difficult air "Che farò," but it was beyond her power to do justice to it. Why will young singers attempt tasks which may well be left to those at the top of the tree—who rarely dare their difficulties? Miss May Pinney sang an arrangement of "Ave Maria" with clear enunciation. Mr. Elkan Kosman played some violin solos with care and expression, and Mr. S. Brooks performed on the 'cello efficiently. Mr. Montague Worlock also appeared with success.

The distinguishing feature of a concert given last week by Miss P. Löwenstark at St. James's Hall was the brilliant pianoforte playing of little Miss Thérèse Löwenstark. She displayed considerable talent in her execution of Schulhoff's "Bohemian Airs."—The Westminster Orchestral Society's twenty-fifth concert at Westminster Town Hall was a success. The three dances from the music to "Henry VIII." were especially well played, and Miss Ethel Bauer gave a tasteful rendering of Schumann's beautiful "Papillons."—Miss Liza Lehmann is the sister of Mr. R. C. Lehmann, whose love for aquatics is equal to his interest in politics. Miss Lehmann loves to explore "the songs of other days" at the British Museum. She has unearthed many a musical gem in this way.—Mrs. Mary Davies is another singer who excels in the rendering of old as well as new ballads. She used to live at Bangor, but has now come to London once more. Her father is a Welsh sculptor. She has often sung in the most destitute parts of the Metropolis, and used to help at a soup-kitchen in a particularly poor neighbourhood. Mrs. Davies loves her art as much as her auditors admire her—which is saying a good deal.—Madame Antoinette Sterling is a great favourite in society. She has recently sailed for Australia, where she is almost certain to touch the hearts of our colonial cousins. Her husband was formerly a well-known violinist.—Miss Eleanor Rees is another popular Welsh favourite. She is hailed with acclamation at the Eisteddfod, as well as at the London Ballad Concerts.—Madame Nordica comes from Boston. Her late husband, Mr. Gower, was famous in connection with the telephone. Madame Nordica is very amusing as a conversationalist, and dresses in excellent taste. LUTE.

## ALL ABROAD.

When one of the counsel takes forty hours to deliver a speech, as Mr. Carter, for the United States, has done, there is little chance of the Behring Sea Arbitration Court coming to a speedy close. The entire speeches in the House of Commons in favour of the second reading of the Home Rule Bill did not take so long as Mr. Carter has done.

France wants to check the immigration of foreigners. Some of the figures quoted in the debate on the four long-pending Bills on the subject were instructive. In thirty years the foreign population has doubled, whereas the native population has been all but stationary, and it is maintained that if this tendency continues France will be inhabited by imported foreigners.

Since 1851 the Belgians have increased from 120,000 to 480,000, the Italians from 60,000 to 280,000, the Germans from 60,000 to 100,000, and the British and Swiss from 20,000 to 40,000. The birth-rate, moreover, among Frenchmen is 1.92 per cent., and among the foreigners 11.39 per cent.

Of the 180,000 foreigners living in Paris only 16,000 have independent means, the rest underbidding native labour and absorbing a milliard of francs annually, about one-sixth of which was taken away from France by persons returning to their own countries.

A new Cabinet has been formed in Norway sooner than was to be expected, but it in no way means a truce to the irritated Radicals, who will fight for their claims—the measure of Home Rule they demand—to the bitter end.

The second reading of the German Army-Bill has caused a great troubling of the political waters. The proposal of Herr von Hüne to the effect that the peace footing of the army should be increased by instalments up to the extent of 70,000 men, instead of the 83,000 which the Government would add in a more rapid manner, was a popular compromise.

The Elementary Schools Improvement Bill, one of the main clauses of which provides for increasing the salaries of the teachers, has been rejected on the second reading by the Prussian Diet.

The Jew-baiter, Ahlwardt, has played and lost. The committee which he got appointed has reported against him; but he threatens to carry on the war in a pamphleteering campaign.

The next great step in Belgium will be the suppression of the present system of conscription in the army, which the King has long desired. It will now become possible with manhood suffrage.

The new Servian Ministry will follow a policy of strict non-intervention in foreign affairs, and of detaching Servia from all complications with neighbouring States, while loyally observing existing treaties. Under such conditions and such leaders it is believed that Servia may look forward to a period of peace and progress such as she has never had before.

A copyright convention has been concluded between Austria-Hungary and this country. It will secure the rights of authors, artists, and composers over their works.

The Crimea is unlucky, for, if all stories be true—only it is rather difficult to ascertain the truth of stories of the Czar—the Russian Imperial Family have had a most unfortunate time of it during their stay in the Crimea. The Czar and Czarina suffered from influenza, to which two high officials of their suite succumbed. Then followed the disturbances among the Cossacks, and, to crown all, the Czar, the Czarina, and the Grand Duchess Xenia have nearly been killed by being upset from a carriage and thrown into a river.

"Stepniak" almost rejoices in *Free Russia* that the Russian Budget shows a huge deficit, which shows that "the economic crisis in Russia is growing apace, and the powers of all the autocrats, past and present, cannot arrest its fatal development."

Two of Spain's colonies are in trouble. In Cuba there has been a rising against Spanish rule, more especially as exhibited in excessive taxation. Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands, has been visited by a fearful fire, 4000 houses being destroyed.

Great diversity of opinion exists as to whether the monarchy will be restored in Hawaii, or whether the existing Government is strong enough to resist being overthrown.

The Siamese have again assumed the offensive, which leads the *Paris Matin* to say that England is at the bottom of the movement.

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## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

It is difficult tearing one's self away from the Australian cricketers. There is a certain fascination about them and their methods—their keenness and enthusiasm—that attracts one far more than the more languid humour of county cricket. I do not mean to say that Englishmen take their cricket sadly, but they do not display that alertness, *verve*, and vigour that is so characteristic of the Antipodeans.

In thinking over the battle now raging at Sheffield Park, in which the Australians are engaged against Lord Sheffield's team, I feel like a poet in the current issue of *Cricket*—

I dream of many a glorious drive;  
I feel the cut that goes for five;  
I hear the crowd's applauding roar  
That follows off a hit for four.

kinsman, J. J. Ferris. If only the Graces are in form, they may give their distinguished visitors quite enough to do to win.

While these things are going forward the first county match of the season will be opened at Nottingham, when the home team will engage Sussex. Although the latter will be strengthened by the inclusion of W. L. Murdoch, the ex-Australian captain, it is more than doubtful whether they will hold their own against the team that contains William the Silent and Arthur the Great. On the same day (Thursday) Yorkshire will commence the county season with a match against Gloucester at Bristol, and, on last season's form, it will be strange if the Tykes do not come out of the engagement right side up. "A bowler! a bowler! a kingdom for a fast bowler!" is the cry of the Yorkshiremen; and though at one time Hurst seemed likely to be the long-looked-for man,

H. Graham.

A. H. Jarvis.

W. Giffen.

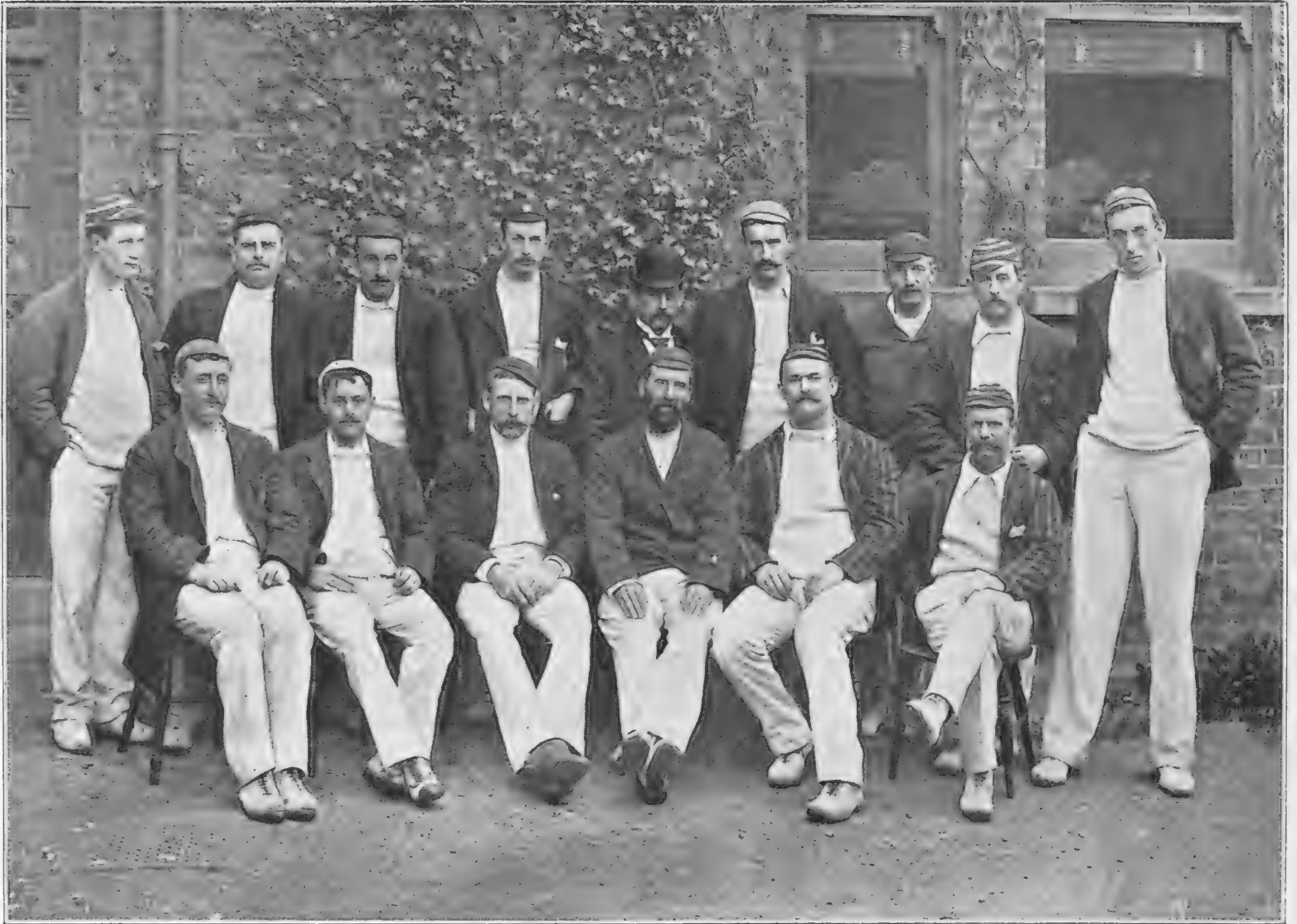
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H. Trott.

S. E. Gregory.

A. Coningham.

J. M. Blackham.

J. J. Lyons.

A. Bannerman.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS IN ENGLAND.

After having their nerves strung to high tension at Sheffield Park, the Australians open a modest engagement to-day against Warwickshire at Birmingham. The Midland county, although belonging to the order of second-class, is ambitious to enter the charmed circle of the leading counties, and has gathered unto itself more than one man whose connection with the Midlands is pecuniary and nothing more. Alas! Warwickshire stands not alone in this respect: the trail of Mammon is over them all.

Among the men whom the Australians will meet to-morrow and following days is Teddy Diver, who, as an amateur, used to bring forth the plaudits of the Surrey crowd by his superb smiting. As a professional he has not done so much, although he is still a good man, and for auld lang syne will, I hope, give the Australians a taste of his quality. Then, there is Walter Quaife, who, expelled and exiled, left the Sussex shore, taking his brother, W. G., along with him. I am pleased to see that the brothers are likely to be of service to the county of their adoption.

From the Midland centre what more natural than that the Australians should go on to Bristol to play the county of the Graces? Here they will meet not only the old W. G. and the older E. M., but also their own

the youngster soon used himself up. He certainly deserves another trial this season.

At Oxford University trial matches are still the order of the day. Among the Seniors and Freshmen some excellent talent has been discovered. It has certainly taken the authorities a long time to discover the worth of R. W. Rice, who rendered yeoman service for Gloucestershire last season, and fairly played himself into the eleven the other day by a rattling innings of 132. If a place is to be made in the eleven for the younger Palaret—not to mention such promising batsmen as A. L. Nelson, L. C. Bathurst, J. Conway-Rees, and others—some of the Old Blues may have to stand down. To-morrow the eleven will play the next Sixteen.

A good story is told by Richard Daft in his new book, "Kings of Cricket," just published by Arrowsmith, of Bristol. It was during the visit of Daft's team to the States in 1879, when the party were taking their first look at the Falls of Niagara. Most of the men were struck dumb with admiration, but not so the two Yorkshiremen of the party. When Pinder asked Lockwood "what he thought on 't," Ephraim replied, "Nowt at all! If this is the Falls of Niagara I'd sooner be at Sheffield."

OLYMPIAN.



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## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mark Twain has been paying a visit to New York. He went over on business, and left when that was transacted. He resolutely refused to be interviewed.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins's play, "Giles Cory, Yeoman," proved a failure on the stage. The experiment was not, however, regarded as quite decisive. The piece reads well and contains some fine Shaksperian touches. Miss Wilkins is fully determined to achieve a popular success in play-writing.

Mr. Marion Crawford is to enter the lists as a play-writer. His first play will be produced by Mr. Daly.

Among the liveliest newspaper correspondents who have gone to the World's Fair is M. Octave Uzanne, a distinguished French writer. He is the correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, and his letters are to be entitled "Sensations d'Amérique." M. Uzanne is an enthusiastic bibliophile—in fact, he is President of the French Bibliophiles' Society.

Professor Henry Drummond is creating a great sensation in Boston by his lectures on "The Evolution of Man." There are crowded audiences at each, and many are unable to gain admission. The lectures are, perhaps, the first connected attempt to deal seriously with the subject, and when published in book form will doubtless be canvassed with great interest in scientific and religious circles.

The leading publishers report continued dulness in the book trade. On the other hand, some of the new publishers have scored significant successes, and the demand for certain classes of books has not been perceptibly abated. The political excitement, much more than the depression of trade, is to be blamed for whatever dulness exists.

William Bell Scott's "Poet's Harvest Home" reappears along with "An Aftermath" in a pretty volume sent out by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane. There is almost a harvest glow about the yellow buckram of the binding, and the two or three woodcuts are charming. The form he is presented in almost ensures a favourable mood for making or reviving Bell Scott's acquaintance.

He had many poetic gifts, more than enough to endow a poet, and all he wrote was genuine, but in the hundred poems of the "Harvest Home" and the twenty of the "Aftermath" there are hardly half a dozen that delight us with any sense of perfection. Much as he likes domestic and rural subjects, these don't fit his muse, and the garden and orchard verses only remind us of Mr. Norman Gale's much fuller sweetness and charm.

The poems he made best were those he could likewise have made pictures out of—Gudrun sitting on "the bleaching lea," crying, "Why doth Thorold stay away, why doth Thorold stay?" Glenkindie worn by his "hopeless love for the King's daughter"—a good old ballad in tune, but purely a modern lyric in spirit—and the delightful "Nymph of Arcadie" with her "young loves to sell." It will be from these and a few kindred romances that Time will choose the lasting ones.

Another poetical reprint is Miss Blind's "Songs and Sonnets" (Chatto and Windus). The volume contains a few poems, however, never before published. Most of the songs and the sonnets are pretty, and little more; a few are pretty and a good deal more. The best are from a series, dramatic in conception, called "Love in Exile." One of them about "a lost somnambulist of love" stands out in bold relief against the mere sentimentality that inspires too many of the love poems in the collection. It was not a weak hand that wrote—

I in broad day go walking in a dream,  
Led on in safety by the starry gleam  
Of thy blue eyes, that hold my heart in thrall;  
Let no one wake me rudely, lest one day  
Startled to find how far I've gone astray,  
I dash my life out in my fall.

Many of the poems, which are hardly to be rated very high, are fired, at least, by a generous, wide-hearted spirit, which gives them life and motive.

Yet another book of verse, but from this one critics are warned off by a satiric invitation in the preface to come and crush it into pulp. Mr. Hume Nisbet has been hardly used by the critics, evidently, or a man he knows of has been, for modern criticism he calls Kali the Destroyer, the thirsty spouse of Savi. These sound like bad names. But some of Kali's children may never get further than the title-page. When they read "The Matador, and other Recitative Pieces," they will, possibly drop the professional tomahawk. "Recitative" means for recitation, and no mere literary critic ever pretended to understand the canons and the codes of taste of that mysterious and terrible art.

True, some of the great poets have been the victims of its professors; but "Little Bill's Last Tear" has generally stood these latter in better stead. From the point of view, not of the literary critic, but of the drawing-room audience, I cannot say these recitative pieces are likely to be popular. I'd sooner have a Verestschagin hanging on my wall than

hear any one thundering "Abu Klea." "Winter" and "Liberty" would make Mrs. Grundy, who loves recitations, tie her bonnet-strings over her ears and run away. And many not very prudish would not care to hear them declaimed. And if Kali or her children dared say anything about the matter, it would be that Mr. Hume Nisbet has put into his verses some very rough but vigorous work. For conventional melodrama he has substituted grim realism. He goes at life with hammer and tongs, and, naturally, doesn't make music. But there is a purpose in his clamour.

Sir George Campbell's "Memoirs of my Indian Career" (Macmillan) is full of solid, serious interest, but it is hardly a book to lounge over comfortably; yet, if young civil servants on their first voyage out were to lounge over it, it would do them no harm. Old Anglo-Indians would find it wanting in anecdotes. There is certainly no brilliancy about it, no picturesqueness, no lifelike portraits of the statesmen and soldiers he worked with in stirring times in India; but it is a capital account of service done and, half-unconsciously, of the temper in which it was done. Without any genius or any striking gift at all, he was wonderfully well fitted for his ticklish Indian work. He had a large fund of Scotch obstinacy and a love of working by theory; but he was singularly free from prejudices, and consequently he didn't work by theory. He inclined to charity and generosity with the natives, but he didn't idealise them. He was a reformer, with various reservations, which are of interest.

India, or Lucknow, where he was long stationed, may not always have been conscious of the blessings of his administration. In connection with the Volunteer movement there, we learn he "did the addresses and exhortations." His account of the Mutiny, of which he was at several points an eye-witness, is a moderate one. The statements on both sides were, he thinks, grossly exaggerated, and his chief desire is to be accurate, not picturesque. One did not need to be a soldier in India in those days to meet with excitement, and the third Sir George had his perils and adventures. Even as a lad he received the instruction from his superior, in case of violent attack while in the performance of his legal duties, that "the legs of a chair are very confusing to an enraged fanatic." O. O.

## OF A SPRING WOODLAND.

The wood is on a declivity, and as the leaves of the trees are as yet only in their babyhood, the floor of the woodland is flecked and streaked with sunlight, wherein flowers stand out gaily, or dashed with shadow where their starry faces break upon one as a surprise in the gloom. What a gay world it is here under the trees! The bees have found it out, and wander from one sweet to another with busy hummings. Such large primroses grow in the veiled light, larger and longer-stemmed than those outside on the bank in the full glare of the sunshine! One can have too much sunshine, and become dwarfed and dried up from excess of warmth and light. It is better to struggle upward to the far breaks of sky that show above the intervening and overshadowing trees. The carpet of the wood is thick with ivy; last year's leaves hide away under it, content to have had their day of growth and beauty, and to finish silent and unseen their life's work. Above the ivy the wee white heads of woodruff are breaking into blossom; soon the air will be filled with their fragrance. Here and there is a patch of wood-sorrel with delicately veined petals and quaintly folded leaves. Did you ever cruelly bite the leaf-centre for its flavour of fresh acid?

The white stars of the wind-flower are everywhere, some wide awake and upright, others with hanging head and faint blushes. The green tufts of the wood-spurge, with their queer tassels of green flowers, stand up unabashed among their fairer companions. Erect above curious leaves mottled with brown, like a snake's skin, are the early purple-red orchis, and swaying in the light wind the tall bluebells ring chimes to the fairies. Up the bank, nestling among rough moss-grown stones, the primroses cluster; withered fronds of hart's-tongue fern hang ragged and brown around the curled-up nest of green balls that will later on unfold to a green cataract, falling down the woodside.

At the top of the wood there are golden masses of yellow nettle and tall spikes of red campion, more bluebells, more orchis. It is an enchanted land: farther and farther one goes, heedless of time and sorrow and all ill things, finding always fresh treasures ahead; so much that is new and nameless and beautiful; so much that is familiar and lovely and beloved. It is hard to turn away from the heart of the wood, and go out into the wide, unshadowed glare. But on the wood edge the blue eyes of belated dog-violets are bright and full of spring happiness; the cheery white "snap-jacks" look like handfuls of newly spilled stars, and here and there a gorgeous dandelion flaunts its gold in the sunshine.

In the hedges on the homeward way the sloes are white with blossom, and the pretty green tufts of the maple flower are open, while at one's feet lie the curious scraps like dried-up seaweed that are the fallen flowers of the ash. The "butter-burr" by the stream is showing spikes of its queer pinkish blossom, and its broad leaves are beginning to spread and thicken. Soon it will be a mass of bold, handsome foliage—a Birket Foster picture painted by another hand.

The water splashes lazily over the mill-wheel; it sounds tired, and wants a rest, for it has been a long, hot day, and there has been much work to do.

Night cometh soon, and by the time we reach home the fairies will be creeping out for their twilight revels in our woodland.—H. M. W.



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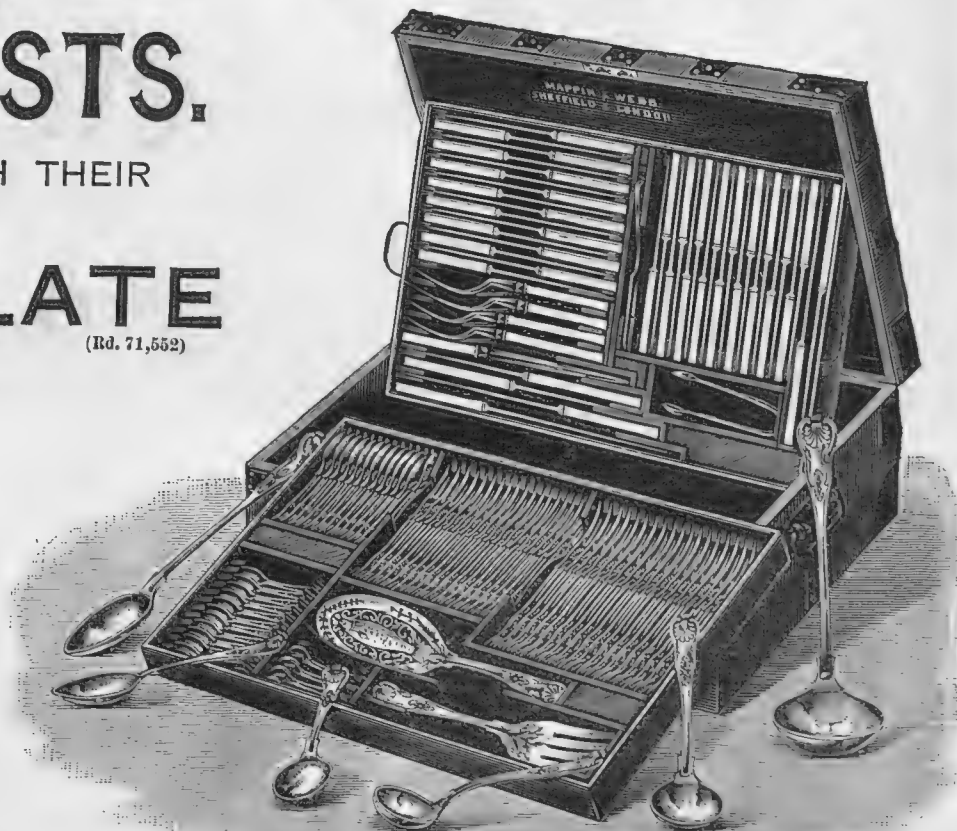
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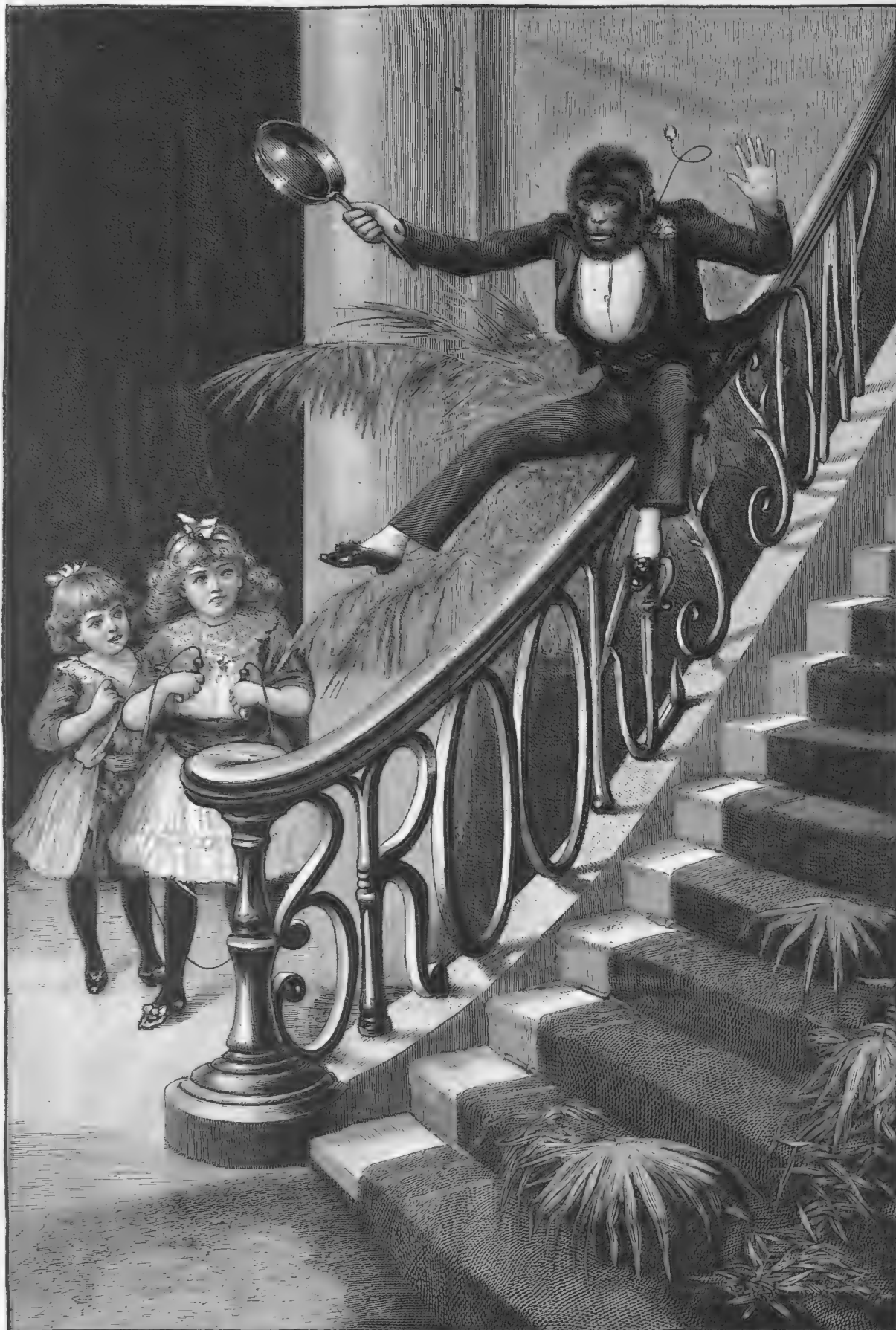
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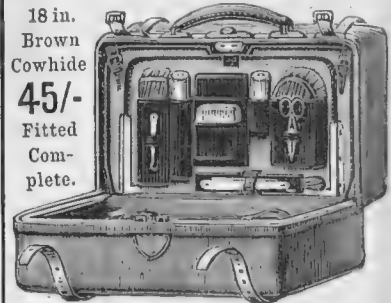
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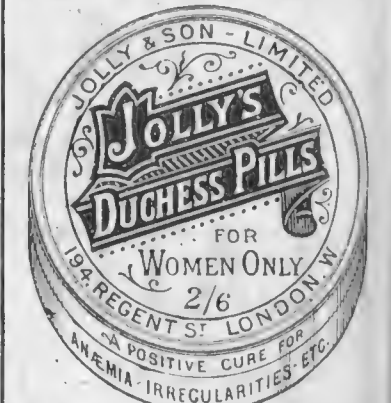
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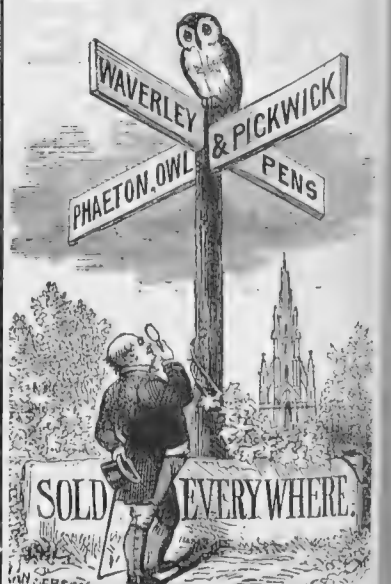
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## THE JUNIORS.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

I have been wanting to tell you some of the funny things that occurred to me on my Easter holiday last month, but never had a chance until now. It was hot and dusty and crowded here in London, and I knew that the south-west wind was blowing soft in a certain quiet corner by the sea in Normandy, so to Normandy I betook myself. My very first visit on that bright Saturday morning was to old Jean, the veteran fisherman, and the "character" of the place. He lives in a quaint thatched boat all by himself above a little hollow in the bay, and has the most astonishing collection of "yarns," which he spins by the hour to the fisher-girls when they rest from hauling in the fish baskets on the beach close by.

Old Jean was delighted to see me. He would pour out volumes of village gossip every day without drawing breath, while I sat lazily on the shingle close by, as he mended his everlasting nets and watched the sun dance on the ripples, or the bathers emerge from their *cabines* in all stages of eccentric costume; or, farther up the sands, where they take the horses into the water, plunging and prancing about uneasily; or beyond, again, where the boys of the place hold unconventional water parties and make sport on the sun-warmed sea-edge of a morning, like rollicking young Tritons as they are. It was infinitely good just to sit like this and listen idly to the old fellow's garrulous prattle, while the wavelets came up with little thrills through the gravel at one's feet, and, far away, brown sails dropped quietly down over the horizon as the boats made for the North Sea herring fishery.

"You remember Celestine?" Jean said, one evening, before I came away. "Pretty Celestine, who lived with Madame Foulant at the inn up yonder."

Remember? I should think so, indeed; why Celestine was the beauty of the place for miles around. All the artists who came that way made sketches of her, and the village lads made love to her. And, altogether, she was queen of this little kingdom by the sea, by every right of grace and loveliness.

"Truly," said old Jean, shaking his head, "she was a graceful child, and I miss her sweet face; but her good fortune has come, and we all in the village are proud of our Celestine. You know how Madame Foulant kept *la petite* working at all hours about the place, and how gentle and uncomplaining she was. Sometimes she would run down here for half an hour in the evenings, and listen to my old sea-stories while the nets were drawn together; but not often."

"She has gone away, then?" I interrupted.

Jean nodded. "This time last year," he went on, "an old lady and gentleman came over here from Etretat, and put up for a few days at

up his nets and coming over to where I stood. "You see that little patch over there, where the women come down to wash their linen every day?"

I looked along the beach line where he pointed, and told him yes.

"You know our customs here," continued the old man; "how, when the tide falls, the women, with spades, go to the very water-edge and dig holes to make washtubs in the sands?"

I knew that also.

"Good!" he went on. "One evening, then, while this old couple were staying at the inn, whither they come each year to visit their dear



PÈRE JEAN AND THE FISHER-GIRLS.

son's grave, Félicie Norval came running across the sands to me with something square and large in her hands. "See! Père Jean," she cried. "Something my spade knocked against in turning up the sand yonder," and then she laid down a square wooden box just here. It was old and stained, but strongly silver-bound, and had lasted long, for the metal was black with age. We took it up to Monsieur le Curé, and he forced it open, for not a key in the village would fit the lock, and Félicie was mad with curiosity to see the inside. And what do you think we found?" asked Jean, gesticulating violently in his excited remembrance of that evening.

I guessed, but would not spoil his tale, so only shook my head.

"The marriage-lines of Celestine's mother and the young man who was drowned out there," cried Jean, "with jewels and a world else besides—but that was best. How it got there will never be known—washed in with the tide, most likely, from the yacht. But there it was, and the old father and mother were so grateful to *le bon Dieu* for giving them Celestine that they forgot to be angry with us villagers for hiding her story so long."

"A new Cinderella!" I exclaimed. "And where is the pretty Princess now?"

"She is in your big London," replied the old man. "Her friends are very rich, we were told, and she is now at school. You will meet her there one day, perhaps."

"Perhaps," I answered. "One meets many people in London. And now, Jean, you will come up to the inn with me and have some of Madame's fricassée, which I know is ready by this time, flanked by a bottle of her excellent claret, in return for your story."

I left the little sea-bound village next day with many stored-up remembrances of Normandy in spring time. The whitely blooming apple-trees had already begun to costume themselves, and the large, square-framed white Norman cows, tethered in the unfenced fields among the apple-trees, were quite a sight to remember as the train flashed through, and I was once more *en route* for dear, big, noisy, ugly London.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Duchess of Westminster formally opened the new day nursery which forms part of the nursing institution at Plaistow, E., the other day. Her Grace went down accompanied by the Duke, and arrived a little before three o'clock, which was the time fixed for the opening ceremony. Canon Procter, the Archdeacon of Essex, and the Mayor of West Ham received the Duke and Duchess, who, after hearing some addresses, declared the nursery open. Plaistow has been truly described as London's end; built over ground which was formerly marsh land, it contains a hundred thousand inhabitants, among whom fever is constantly rampant. Yet there is no fever hospital. It was to this city of dismal swamps that two brave women went four years ago and cast in their lot with the poor and suffering. Now the nurses at St. Mary's number over thirty, and no one but these unselfish women knows the discomforts of their own lot. This most excellent and noble work deserves all support, and if everyone would contribute even a trifle an extra and much-needed staff of nurses could be drafted to poverty-stricken Plaistow, and suitable sleeping accommodation erected for them. Clothing of all kinds, which one is so often puzzled what to do with when it has done its duty, would be a most grateful gift to Sister Katherine, the lady superintendent, for her poor people.



CELESTINE.

the inn. Many years before, their only son, who had been yachting round the coast, lost his life one wild day over there," nodding at the sea, "by falling overboard. His body was found, and he lies in a sunny corner of the churchyard. Some few weeks after the accident a young creature came to the village and said she was the dead man's wife. But she did not live very long among us, though the good dames down here were kind to the stranger. Celestine is her child!"

"But the young man's friends," I asked; "did they not know?"

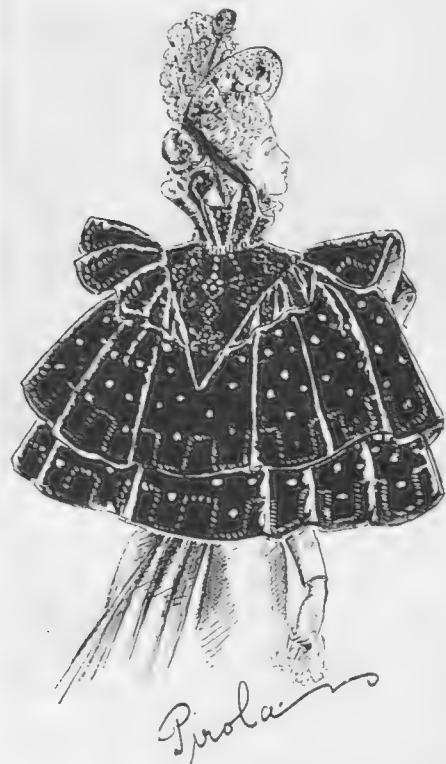
"They were not told," Jean answered slowly. "We had no proofs, no papers to show them; and the child was left among us by its poor young mother. But here is the curious part," he said, quickly folding

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## THE DRAWING ROOM.

All the papers to-day are full of yesterday's Drawing Room, so I, too, must have my say on the subject, though, as I have this week a great deal of matter and very little space, I must confine myself to a few descriptions only. First, then, I am sure you will like to hear about the gown worn by the young Princess Victoria of Edinburgh, who made

her first appearance at the Drawing Room on this occasion. The skirt was of white satin, brocaded with single briar roses, while the bodice was draped with mousseline de soie and trimmed with ribbons. The train from the waist was of the richest white satin, and the absolute simplicity of the gown suited the pretty youthful wearer to perfection. Madame Oliver Holmes made some lovely Court trains, notably one for the Hon. Mrs. Tremayne, which was really magnificent. The corsage and petticoat were of "Westeria" ondine silk trimmed with old point lace, the Court train from both shoulders being of cloth of gold, outlined with a border of laurel leaves, richly embroidered in gold. Lady Hill's Court train was of leaf-green moiré, lined with pale yellow satin, and the corsage and petticoat were of pale blue and yellow chiné brocade, a somewhat daring but wonderfully effective combination of



A NEW CAPE.

colours. Lady Foster wore a corsage and petticoat of silver-grey brocade, trimmed with old point lace, and a Court train in an exquisite shade of dahlia velvet; while her daughter, Miss Foster, wore a very pretty presentation dress of white satin, veiled with draperies of fine white Mechlin tulle, embroidered with marguerites, the Court train being of white chiné brocade, trimmed with ruchings of tulle.

I also saw some handsome Court gowns at Mrs. Craig's, in Brook Street. Lady Hood's was of heliotrope ondine silk, trimmed with beautiful black lace, and rosettes of velvet pansies, and had a Court train of black brocade. Her two daughters wore presentation dresses (made exactly alike) of white ondine silk, trimmed with wreaths and trails of marguerites. These flowers seem to adorn the majority of the débutantes' gowns this season in one way or another. Mrs. Fleming's Court train of rich purple velvet was worn with a petticoat and corsage of heliotrope and silver brocade, trimmed with old French guipure lace.

A beautiful gown for a débutante, Miss Peronne (made by Thorpe and Alford, of Westbourne Grove), was of ivory-satin duchesse, the seams outlined with pearl and crystal trimmings, and the train from both shoulders being of lovely veloutine silk, trimmed with cascades of old Limerick lace. Another very effective dress, for Mrs. Langton, was of ivory satin, trimmed with old Mechlin lace and bouquets of blue convolvulus. The Court train was of striped moiré and brocade, lined throughout with Gobelin-blue satin. And now, for the host of other gowns worn on this important occasion, I must perforce refer you to the daily papers.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Though I have passed on to another heading, visions of numberless Court trains in all their gorgeous richness still float before my eyes, and, being still under the influence of their beauty, I feel that I must forsake the severe simplicity to which I pinned my faith last week, and revel in descriptions of some of the most exquisite gowns which ever delighted feminine eyes, or caused unreasoning and uncomprehending admiration for the wearers to fill masculine hearts.

First of all, then, let me tell you about one of the gowns which I have had sketched for you. It is of bright petunia canvas cloth, the skirt encircled by bands of black satin ribbon, terminating in large bows.

The little coat-bodice, cut short to the waist, is of black satin, and has a large turned-down collar and revers; it opens over a vest of white satin, finished off by a black satin collar, with appliqué bands of white lace, and is fastened round the waist by a pleated band of black satin, fastened by a steel buckle. The full sleeves are of the petunia canvas cloth. With this gown, which for originality and smartness would be difficult to excel, is worn a picture hat of black chip, caught down quaintly at the back with a bow of chip. It is trimmed with shaded plumes and bows and rosettes of black, and petunia satin.

The other dress is eminently a "fête gown," and would be perfection for races or other smart occasions. It is of satin in a lovely shade of green, the skirt veiled with black brocaded silk gauze, edged with a ruching, and then a deep band of black lace, covered with an appliqué of cream lace, and edged both at top and bottom with a band of black satin ribbon. It fastens over the bodice with a draped band of green miroir velvet, caught with a jet buckle. The bodice is also of green satin, veiled with the gauze, and has huge sleeves to the elbow, covered with black lace, which is arranged in cascades down the side. A deep pointed cape, which falls over the bodice and forms its most distinctive point, is of the gauze, bordered with green satin, and dotted over with single leaves in white lace appliqué. The collar, draped like the waistband, is of green miroir velvet. I should like to find the woman who would not feel supremely happy and beyond criticism if she were fortunate enough to be the possessor and proud wearer of this lovely gown, especially when it was crowned with an exquisite little golden bonnet, studded with gems, and edged with a fringe of pearls. It is turned right up in front, with a bow of green miroir velvet, at each side of which is placed a full-blown rose and a bud, in a lovely shade of petunia, and is trimmed on the crown with an erect bow of green velvet, and finished off with green velvet strings.

I have still got one more treasure for you, a delightful little cape of emerald-green velvet, with a very full pleated collar, which shows here



A SMART GOWN.

[Continued on page 100.]



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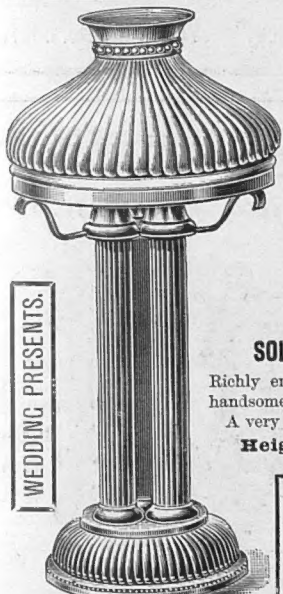
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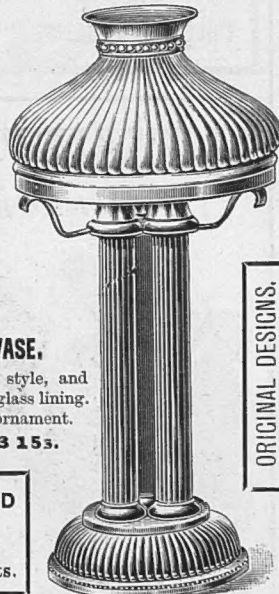
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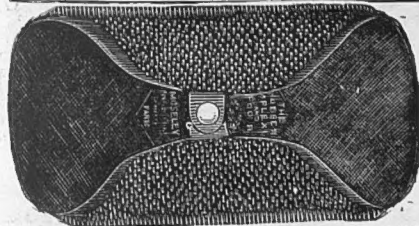
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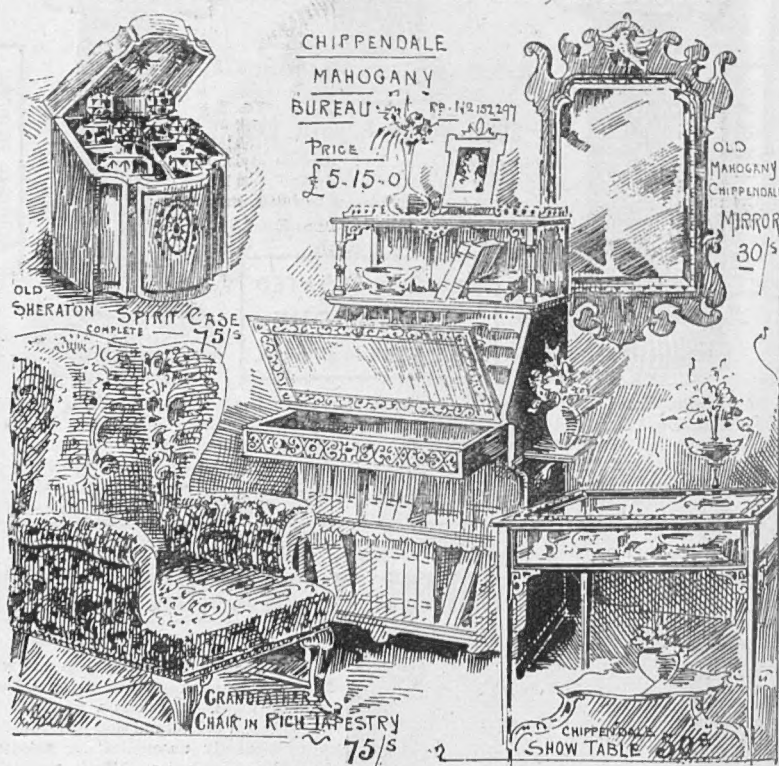
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and there the pale mauve satin lining. It fits into the waist at the back, and has three full shoulder-capes of varying depths, while the plain front is cut in a most novel way with two rounded ends. The whole cape glitters with every movement, for it is covered with an appliqué of jet sequins, cabochons, and beads. The hat, which gives it a perfect

this, or, rather, such sleeves as these. I saw a great number of other lovely gowns, to say nothing of the most fascinating millinery and the most alluring veils; but I think that for this once I have given you enough to think about.

I have got a veritable treasure-trove for you this week in the shape of a sketch of a new serpentine dress—so new, in fact, that it has never yet been worn! Serpentine dancing is so eminently an up-to-date accomplishment, and one which is so universally admired and sought after, that I am sure you will be immensely interested in this illustration. I came across this novelty when I was paying a visit to Miss Mary E. Fisher, the well-known theatrical costumier, of 26, Bedford Street, Covent Garden. She has only just made it, and the sketch which she lent to me was the original design by Mr. Percy Anderson. I had a most interesting chat with her on the introduction of the serpentine dance, and finally came to the conclusion that she was very magnanimous in giving me what I wanted, for she had a distinct grievance against *The Sketch*. I daresay you all remember the interview with Miss Loie Fuller, which was published in the paper dated April 12, and also how the interviewer there tells us how she first got the idea for her now famous dance. In case you have forgotten, let me refresh your memory. The idea, she says, came to her by accident, in this way: An Indian officer presented her with a little white robe or skirt, an old Hindoo costume, and, slipping it on one day, she wore it in a small part in which she was playing, and not having time to change it, danced in it, the result being so satisfactory that she practised and practised till the serpentine dance was brought to perfection. Now, Miss Fisher, very rightly, feels somewhat aggrieved at this, for in the course of conversation she told me how, before Miss Fuller left for America in August 1891, she called upon her to have some gowns made, and was then shown an Indian dress, which Miss Fisher had made at the wish of Mr. Percy Anderson, who required some faithful reproductions of Indian dresses for the production of "The Nautch Girl," copying it from a Nautch dress in the collection at the South Kensington Museum. She personally showed Miss Fuller the many forms which the skirt would take when properly and gracefully moved with the hands, and she immediately caught the idea. Miss Fisher was genuinely glad to hear of her success with the many dresses she has since had made



A NEW "SERPENTINE" DRESS.  
DESIGNED BY MR. PERCY ANDERSON.

finishing touch, is of green straw, the brim underneath veiled with black chiffon, and bordered with delicate mauve roses. The crown is of jet, and the trimming, which is all placed at the back, consists of a pleated chiffon bow, edged with lace and two plumes, in the centre of which is a handsome ornament of cut jet, edged with brilliants. The hat is cut open at the back, so that it fits round the coil of hair, tying underneath with green strings.

I wonder if you can guess who evolved all these lovely things? Anyway, I will whisper it to you as one whispers the name of a genius—Madame Oliver Holmes, who reigns over the lovely salons at 61, New Bond Street, where I lost count of time in gloating over gowns and millinery which were simply visions of beauty. I have such a lot to tell you about that I hardly know where to continue, but I think that I must just mention one evening dress with a full skirt which needed no trimming whatever, so beautiful and rich was the material. It was arranged in broad alternate stripes of black corded silk and cream satin, brocaded with a lovely floral design in tender beautiful shades which melted into each other. It opened in front over a petticoat of salmon-pink satin veiled with pleated chiffon, and caught in with bands of lace. The bodice was of salmon-pink satin covered with chiffon and with zouaves of lovely creamy-white lace, caught on the shoulders with rosettes of satin, while the full elbow sleeves were entirely of the brocade. It was a wonderfully beautiful and effective gown.

An equally lovely day dress was of tea-rose yellow printed foulard, the skirt edged with two tiny flounces, headed by a band of white lace insertion, while a most novel effect was obtained by a gored piece of silk, trimmed with frills and bands of lace, being let into each seam. The bodice was cleverly arranged with a graduated puffing, which fell over the shoulders and tapered to a point at the waist, the full vest of white crêpe de Chine, ornamented with bands of lace insertion, having a velvet collar in a beautiful shade of green, which reproduced the colour of the design on the silk. I was quite fascinated with the sleeves, which were puffed on the elbow, and thence to the wrist were composed of white lace. Only a woman with beautiful arms deserves such a dress as



A PRETTY GOWN.

on precisely the same lines as the model with which she supplied her, but naturally thinks that she should have a little credit in the matter. There, that is the whole history of the first introduction of the serpentine dress, and I feel quite delighted at having got to the bottom of it when so many contradictory rumours have been afloat for so long.

FLORENCE.



## BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*Behring Sea Arbitration.* Naturalists and sportsmen are watching with an interest which the general public perhaps scarcely shares the progress of the case now being argued in Paris. So far as uninformed English feeling goes, it is probable that the British citizen would be glad if our able representatives could prove their case. This is a natural feeling: patriotism, loyalty to our colony, protest against American pretensions, all these dictate it. There are two main issues, and two only, involved in this case—a question of right and a question of expediency. The question of right lies in a nutshell. Did Russia cede her rights absolutely to the United States, and if so, how far do these rights extend? Do they include rights over the open sea? And, as a rider to this, what is the open sea? Where does it begin? Mr. Carter, in a speech which quite deserved the tribute it elicited from the President of the Court, showed—though it scarcely needed demonstration—that the one without the other was of little use to the United States; and, moreover, that, unless pelagic seal-fishing were stopped, the question would very soon settle itself by the extermination of the seals. This, then, brings us to

*The Question of Expediency.* Anyone who takes sufficient interest in the fur-seal of the Prebiloff Islands may find their natural history set forth most interestingly in a book which came out some few years ago, called "An Arctic Province." I have not a copy by me now for reference, but the general facts are these: The fur-seal is migratory. A great part of its time it spends in the sea itself, even sleeping on the surface of the ocean. Before the breeding season it migrates up the Pacific, and, arriving at St. Paul's or St. Peter's Island, at the point of the Alaskan Archipelago, it prepares to breed. When the animals first arrive the males are extremely fat; but since during the whole time they are on the islands—say, from July to November—they eat absolutely nothing, they are very thin by the end of the breeding season. This season over, the males are driven up to the skinning quarters and slaughtered by the hunters; but the lives of the females and young are spared. These push out to sea again, and then comes the trouble; for their enemies are on the look-out to take them in the sea, and in this way thousands of young and females are annually destroyed. It is not surprising, therefore, to hear that the fur-seal supply has very seriously diminished of late years, and threatens to disappear altogether. We may grant, then, that it is most important that the seals should be protected during migration, and that pelagic fishing should be made illegal.

*Analogous Cases.* But who is to do it? Ah, that is just the question. If we can prove concurrent rights, very little will be gained, except a lawyers', or, from the point of view of the seal, a Pyrrhic victory. For, if the Yankee kills them by land and the fisherman kills them by water they will soon be wiped out altogether. From the point of view of the naturalist, then, it would be better for the States to win. The naturalist will feel only too glad if the result is protection to the seal, and the true sportsman will pray that the precedent thus established may be followed elsewhere. For, in a general way, it is not until an interesting wild animal has been practically exterminated that measures are taken for its protection. If the American bison had been protected in time, the bison might be roaming in his thousands now. If the American and Canadian Governments would now extend to the moose and the wapiti the same consideration as that which is shown to the Swedish elk, these creatures, now almost within measurable distance of dying out, would gradually increase, as the elk has increased, until their old districts knew them again. In an immense unpopulated country you cannot always enforce the laws you make. But the very facts of the existence of a law in itself makes for good. The game of breaking it is, in many cases, not really worth the candle. Whether it is too late to save the giraffe—slaughtered for whip-thongs only—may be an open question. But, at least, our hunters might forbear to shoot creatures of so immense a morphological interest. These, it may be said, are only naturalists' and hunters' questions. They are not. They illustrate a principle which applies with equal or with greater force to commercial interests. It needs no prophetic instinct, for example, to tell that there will come a time when the "right" whale and the narwhal will go with the rest, or remain only in inaccessible seas. The "right" whale is the whale-bone whale. The walrus is killed for the sake of his ivory. Less than a hundred years ago both these creatures were commonly hunted off the Asiatic coast. Once, off the coasts of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, both these animals were taken in thousands; now the narwhal seldom occurs, and the "right" whale is in those seas "practically exterminated," as Nordenskjöld tells us in his "Voyage of the Vega."

It is not often that the reviewer's table receives such a welcome addition as that which arrived the other day in the shape of specimens of the new sandwich biscuits, with which Messrs. Sidney Ord and Company are making life additionally sweet. After very careful sampling, under the most solemn conditions, the reviewer can heartily recommend them. He only wishes the automatic machines would furnish such delightful examples of "biscuit ware."

## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, May 6, 1893.

Again, before the ink of our last letter to you was dry, we were startled by a further development in the Australian crisis, but one which you will not have been quite unprepared for. Within about a month six large banks of issue have suspended payment in the Australian Colonies, involving a lock-up of over £60,000,000 in assets, which, for the time, are quite unrealisable, while we have no more than reasonable hope that the worst is over. The population of the four great colonies on the Australasian Continent is under 3,500,000 souls, so that it is self-evident that a forced realisation of such a mass of valuable assets would be not only disastrous, but utterly impossible, even at knock-down prices, and for creditors, no less than for shareholders, some scheme must be invented—under the name of reconstruction, if you like—whereby the realisation can be spread over a number of years, or put off until purchasers are found in the ordinary course of business.

We are not in love with the five-days bank holiday which, under the stress of panic, the Victorian Government were foolish enough to proclaim; but the Bank Act which the New South Wales Government has passed seems to us merely giving to the Colonial Ministry the same power as the Executive possesses in England, which has been used here on several occasions without bringing in its train the evils some of the financial critics so loudly proclaim. If the power to suspend the cash payment of bank notes for a limited and fixed period is wisely used, it is no more dangerous than the power to suspend the Bank Acts in this country—as late as 1866 this power was used—and is one which it is wise to confide to any honest Executive Government. Under the depressing circumstances of the week we can hardly wonder at the dead and depressed state of most of the stock markets, or at the precautionary step taken by the directors of the Bank of England in raising their rate of discount from 2½ per cent. to 3 per cent., despite the strong position which the last return shows the central institution to be in.

Nothing but "gilt-edged" securities or South African Mines and Exploration Companies will the world look at for the moment, acting probably on the old adage that it is always extremes which meet. The Colonial Government market has been, of course, depressed; while the disappointing traffics of the Home Rails have had very little effect on the ordinary stocks, although from the determination with which the Hull strike is being contested and the talk of labour troubles in other places, to say nothing of the certainty that the wages bill of all railways will be a growing factor in the outgoings, we are inclined to expect rocks ahead for those who hold the ordinary stocks of our great lines, and from whose share of the profits all deductions must come.

There has been a lull in the Argentine revival, which is not, perhaps, a bad thing at a time when it is self-evident that, not only in Buenos Ayres, but also in Uruguay, serious efforts are being made to face the position and to do all that is possible to redeem the national credit. The railway traffics continue to be most encouraging, and to show the steady return to prosperity of the country in which they are located.

American Rails have been depressed and feverish, principally on account of the uncertainty of the currency question, which hangs like a dark cloud over the United States, but also in consequence of the unfavourable reception which the Reading reconstruction scheme has met with. We can only repeat, dear Sir, what we have many times told you, that on such stock as Illinois Central or Baltimore and Ohio you may sleep with an easy mind. For ourselves, we do not fear that the silver question will really produce disaster in the United States, but we think it by no means unlikely that the crisis which the present silver laws have brought about may be much more acute before the danger to the national credit brings the only effective remedy within the range of practical politics.

The San Jorge Nitrate Company has just declared a final dividend, making a distribution of 12½ per cent. for the year—by no means a bad result. The price of the raw material has been affected to a slight extent by the present prolonged drought; but the statistical position is extremely sound, and we look forward to a good year for the best of the producing companies, as one of the few bright spots in the industrial market.

Mills' Day Dawn United has again given a return of over 2000 oz. and a dividend of threepence a share, more than ever convincing us of the soundness of the property as a mining investment. Among the new ventures of the week the Mashonaland Development Company of Sir John Willoughby has been the most notable. For those who like long shots and can make themselves happy upon blessed hope and dreams of future wealth, we advise the purchase of a few shares; but, dear Sir, for sober people like yourself and ourselves we prefer a class of investment more likely to give us bread-and-cheese. By-the-bye, have you ever met a man who lived upon the dividends he got out of shares in these fashionable land and exploration companies? If there happens to be such a person among your friends, and you would give him an introduction to us, we should be very glad to see him.

We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, and CO.